



FUNKADELIC · PEDRO BELL · EVIL KNIEVEL · G. CLINTON

3

MOTORROOTY



DAN
CELY

THE LOUD, THE LEWD, AND THE
FUNKY

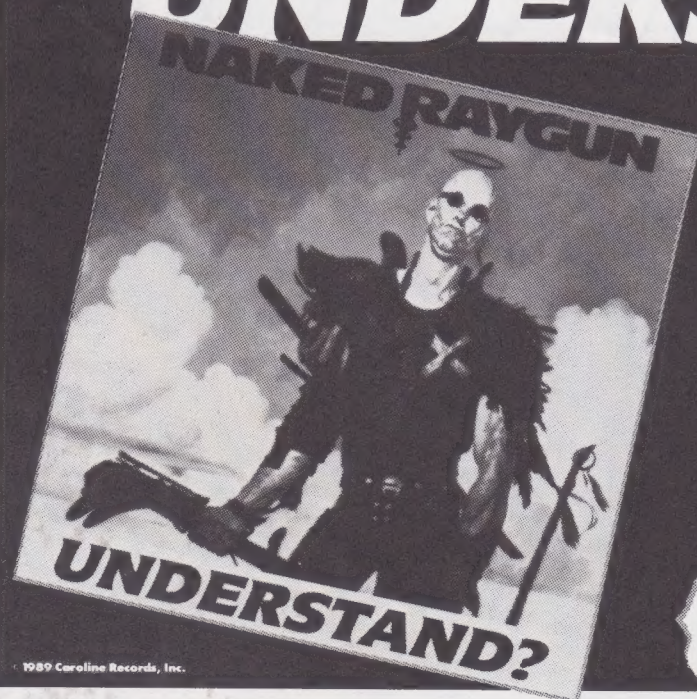
NAKED RAYGUN



UNDERSTAND
(DO YOU)

UNDERSTAND?
(DO YOU?)

UNDERSTAND!
UNDERSTAND?
UNDERSTAND?



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MOTORBOOTY



**NUMBER
FOUR**

**SUMMER
1989**

STAFF

**BELOVED
JANITOR**

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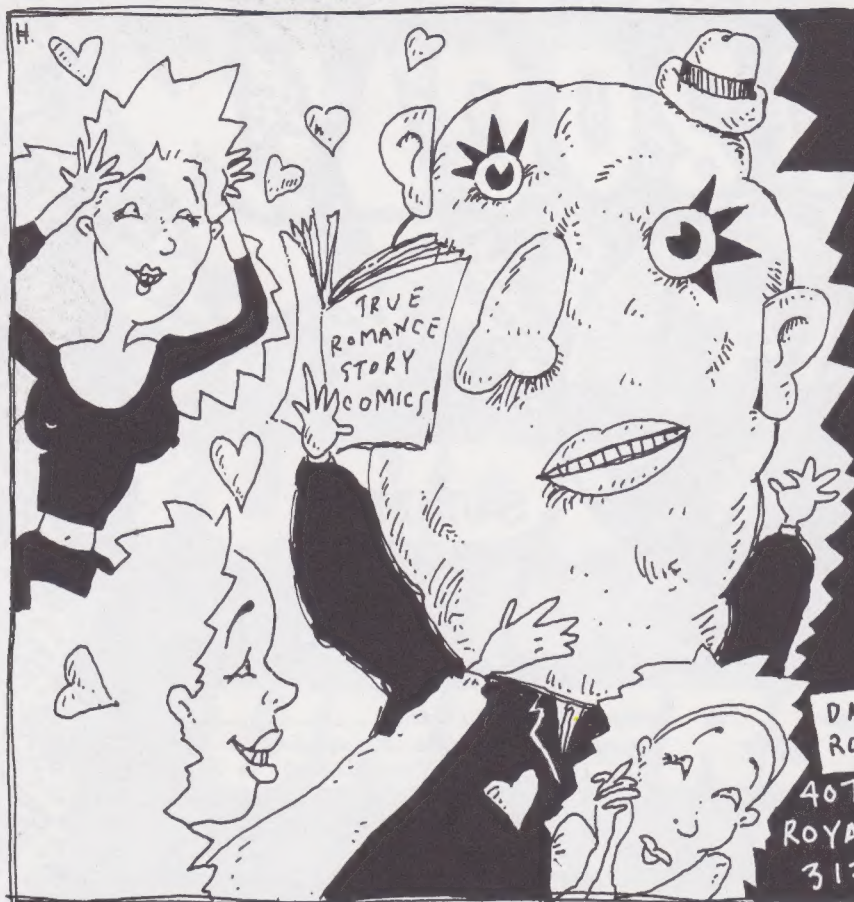
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BACK ISSUES

MOTORBOOTY #2 and #3 are sold out, but a few copies of #1 (Necros, Laughing Hyenas, Wire, etc.) are still to be had for \$2.50 from the address at right.

**MOTORBOOTY WORLD-WIDE
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MOTORBOOTY #4, Summer 1989. MOTORBOOTY Magazine, "The Big Daddy of the Bozo Underground," is published sporadically by Clownskull Graphics, in the city that's been coasting for years on a reputation acquired in the days when Agnew still walked erect. Let it here be known that so long as the one true tom-foolish and indivisible bozo nation still swims, MOTORBOOTY Magazine holds these inalienable truths of righteous bozoid obscenity to be self-evident: "Bozos do have a sense of humor, damn you. Bozos laff." Entire contents © 1989 MOTORBOOTY Magazine and respective authors. Any similarity between "real" people, places, or attitudes and the contents of MOTORBOOTY is purely coincidental. The cover price increase reflects the frivolous whims of the publishers. Four-issue subscriptions available for twelve dollars. All correspondence should be directed to our Global Headquarters at the address above, but advertising information and T-shirts are available exclusively from MOTORBOOTY WEST, P.O. Box 460472, San Francisco, CA, 94146. The view is much better there.



THE WOMEN LOVED "SPUDDY"
WHEN HE READ TO THEM.
AT

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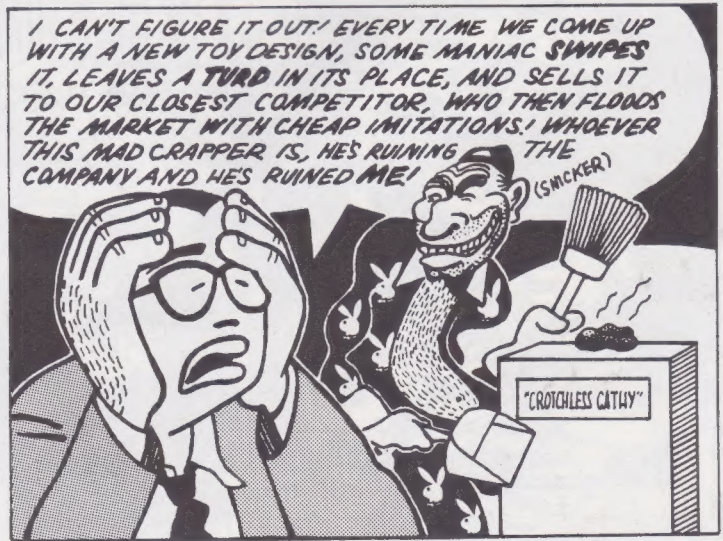
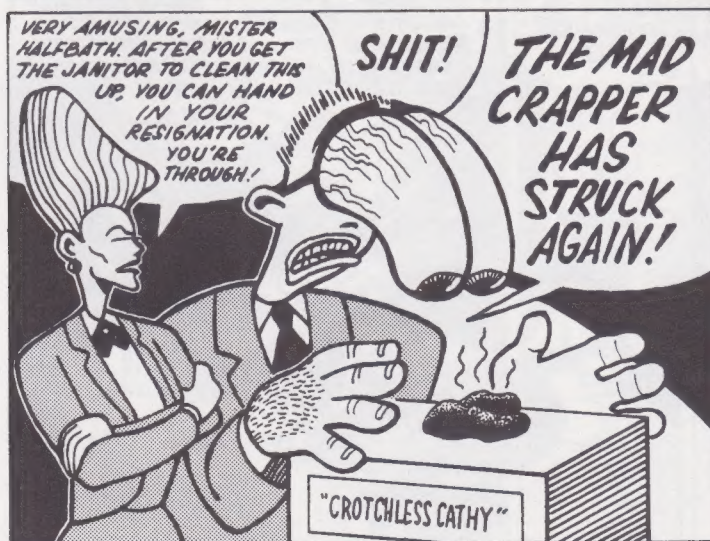
PHOTOS AND ANECDOTES FROM THE MIDWEST PUNK UNDERGROUND 74-88



Negative Approach in Detroit, 2/12/79

An indispensable \$26.95 book featuring The Necros, Negative Approach, L7, The Meatmen, Youth Patrol, Bored Youth, McDonalds, The Linkletters, Born Without A Face, Dig My Fez, Die Kreuzen, The Effigies, Naked Raygun, Violent Apathy, The Crucifucks, Rights of the Accused, The Fix, The Allied, Strange Fruit, Blowdog, Static, The Affiliated, The Laughing Hyenas, Crackhore, Motorhome, Dissonance, Warrior, Forced Anger, Jim And The Family Stone, Tom Gemp, Grant Faulkner Railroad, ADC, GOC, CBA, Gone In Sixty Seconds, J2K2, Angry Red Planet, Fate Unknown and many others. The first of four volumes is available now from PO Box 7944, Ann Arbor MI, 48107

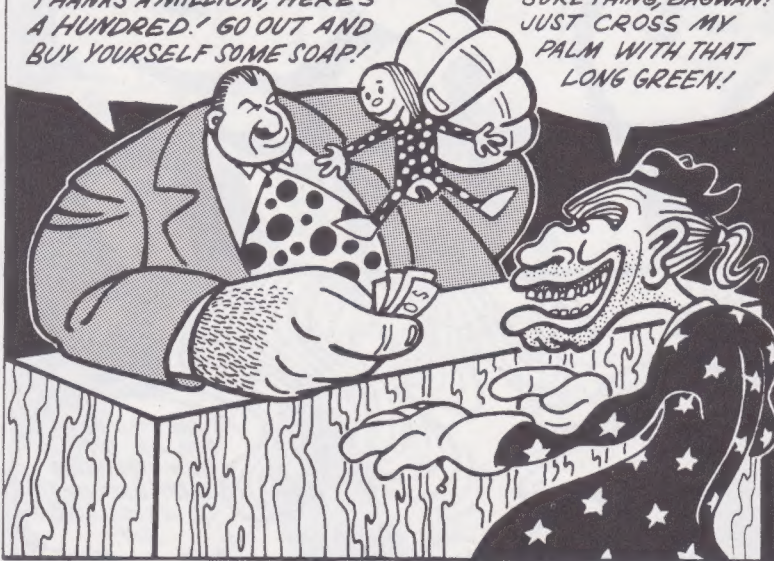
FUNKY UNCLE BILL



LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF THE CLOSEST COMPETITOR...

THANKS A MILLION, HERE'S A HUNDRED. GO OUT AND BUY YOURSELF SOME SOAP!

SURE THING, BAGWAN! JUST CROSS MY PALM WITH THAT LONG GREEN!



WHERE THE CASH IS STASHED



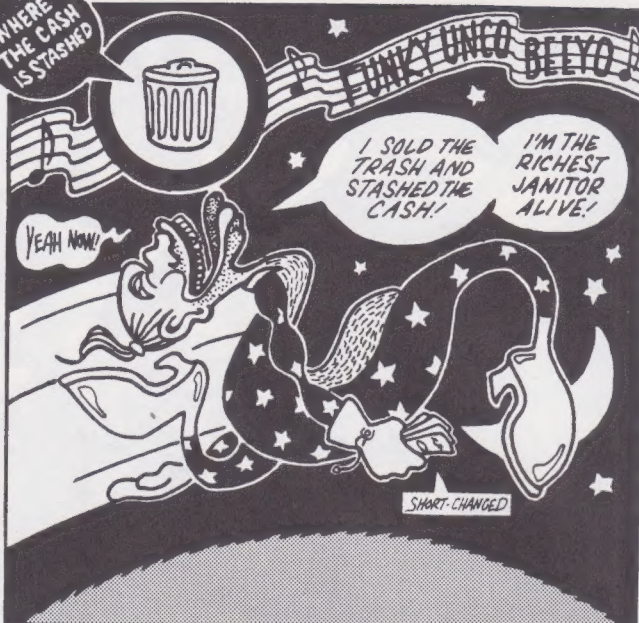
FUNKY UNCO BELLYO

I SOLD THE TRASH AND STASHED THE CASH!

I'M THE RICHEST JANITOR ALIVE!

YEAH NOW!

SHORT-CHANGED



HUH? HALFBATH!!

YOU! YOU'RE THE MAD CRAPPER! I FOLLOWED YA, YA SUUNVABISH! NOW I GONNA KILL YA!

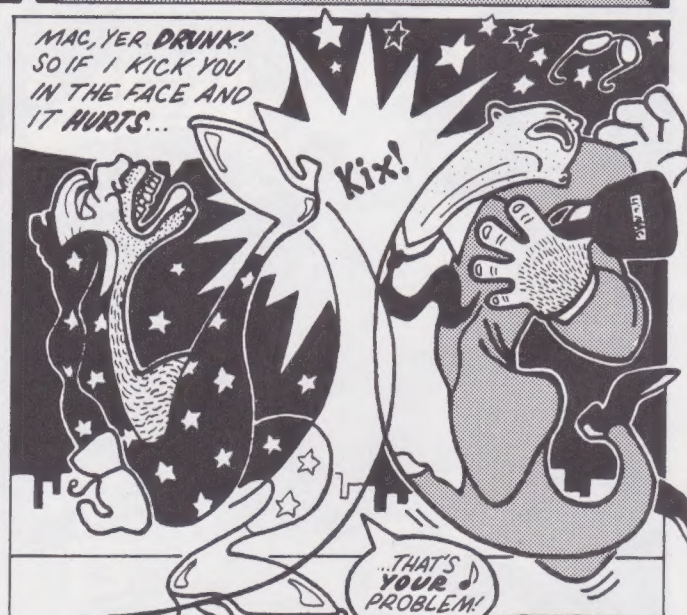


"LIL MAC" BURGER GALL

MAC, YER DRUNK! SO IF I KICK YOU IN THE FACE AND IT HURTS...

Kix!

...THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM!



QUIT LOOKIN' ALL DEAD HALFBATH! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T KILL YA!

...HALF BATH?



HUDGE

HE'S DEAD! I KILTHIM!



I'M GONNA BE VERY LONG-GONE BEFORE HE EVEN GETS COLD!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CARDBOARD ROMPER ROOM CAR...

HEY BUFFY, LET'S SAY I'M THE GARBAGE TRUCK AND YOU HAVE TO GIVE ME ALL YOUR GARBAGE!

OKAY, BUT ONLY IF I GET TO CALL YOU "STINK FINGER" FROM NOW ON!



NO WAY MAN!

BALDING

YES WAY!

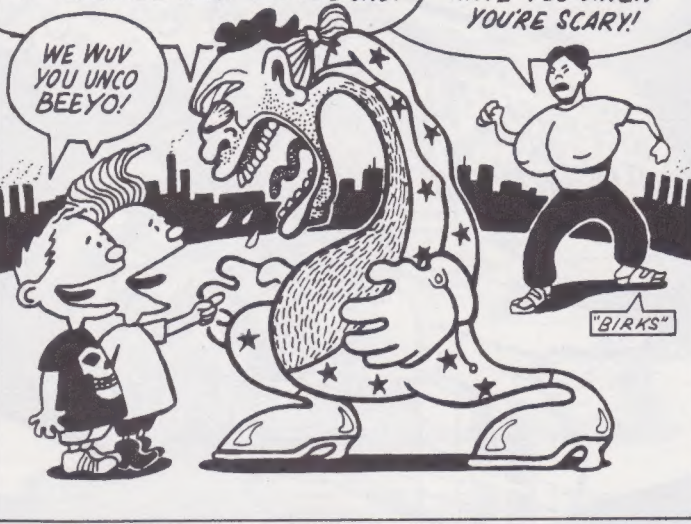
THE CARDBOARD ROMPER ROOM CAR

WHERE THE HELL'S THE TRASH?!



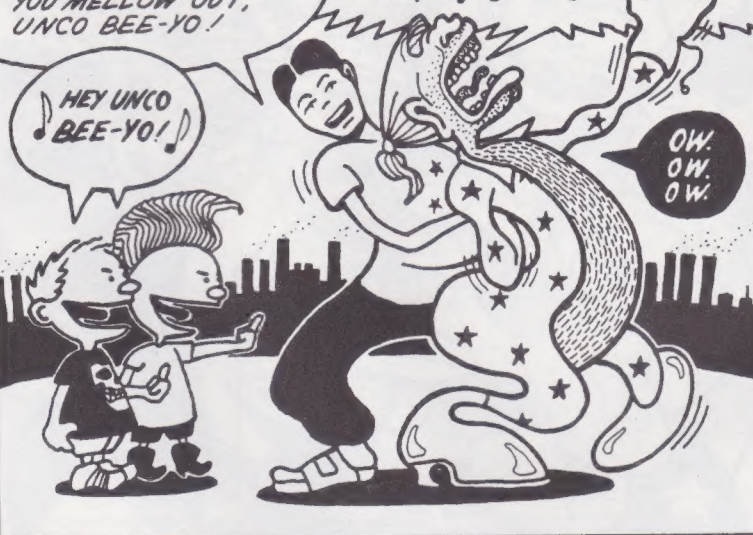
FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS! YOU MISERABLE LITTLE WHELPS! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

DON'T BE SCARY, UNCO BEEYO, THEY HATE YOU WHEN YOU'RE SCARY!



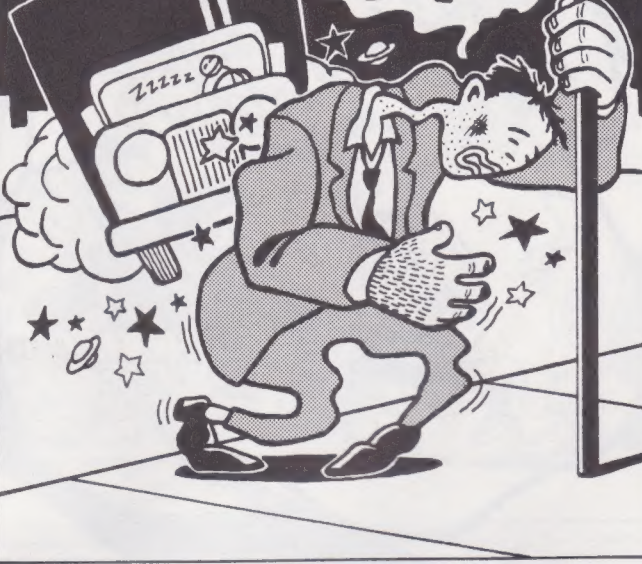
NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE? I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO AWAY UNTIL YOU MELLOW OUT, UNCO BEE-YO!

ALRIGHT, SISSY, ALRIGHT! I GIVEY GIVEY!



MEANWHILE...

530% BILL....



DESPERATE, BILL TRIES TO HIJACK A CAR AND BOOK TO L.A.....

OUT OF THE CAR, BUD, I'M BOOKING TO... AKK! FRENCH!



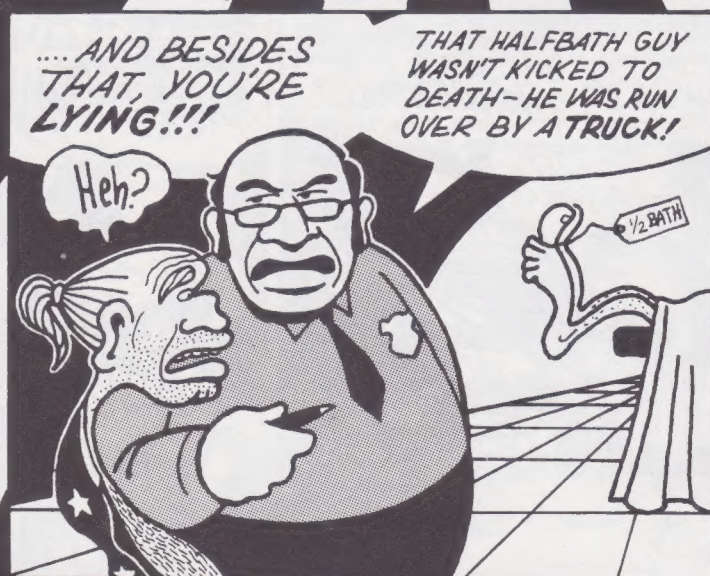
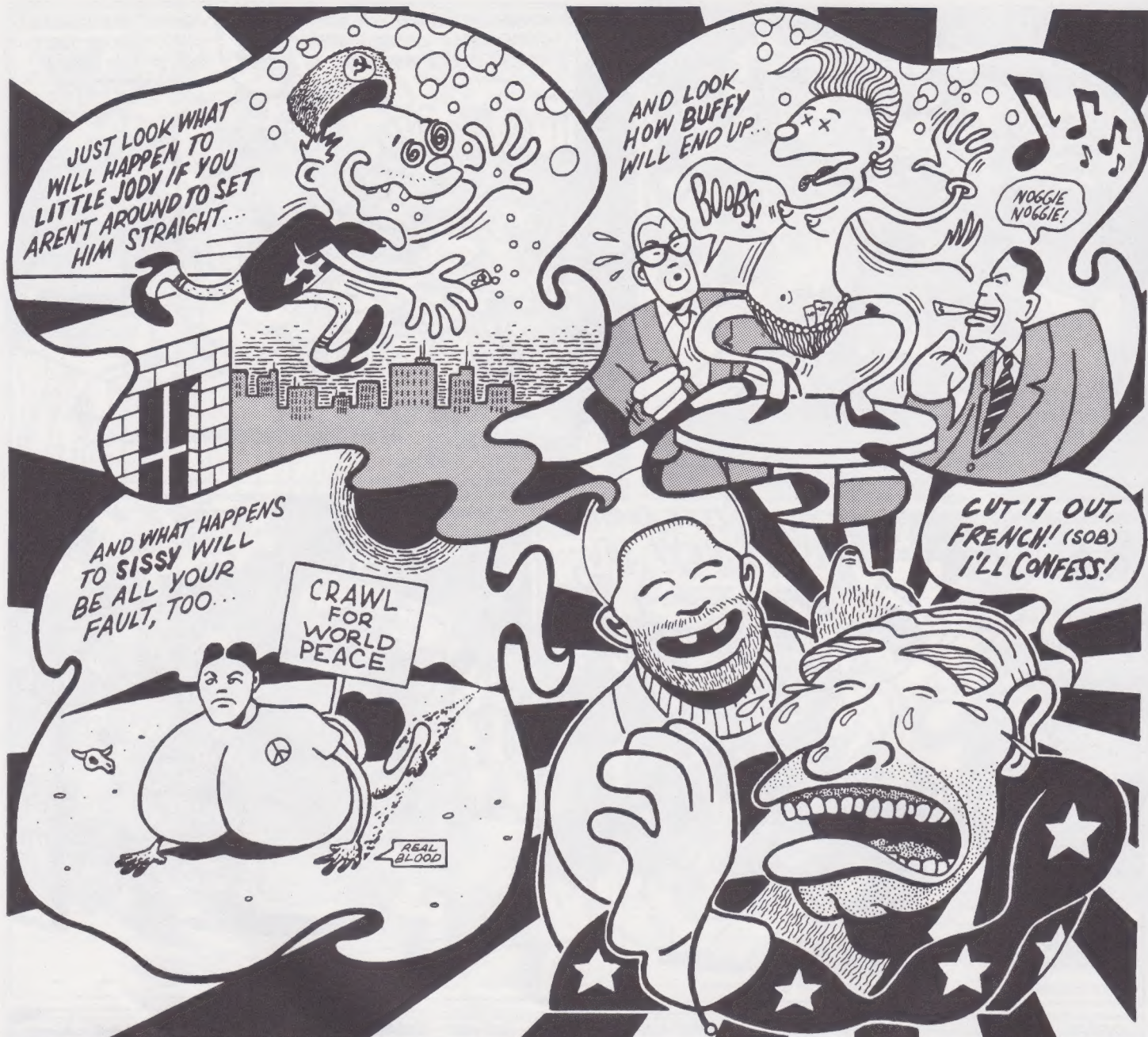
YOU'RE SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE FOR THE CHILDREN, SIR! YOU'VE GOT TO GO BACK AND CONFESS TO YOUR CRIMES!

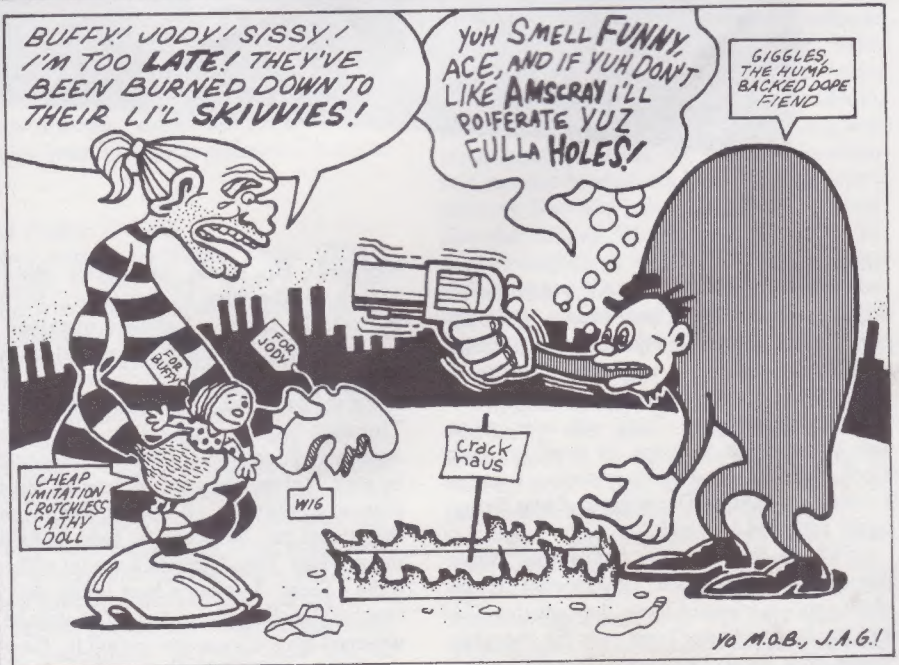
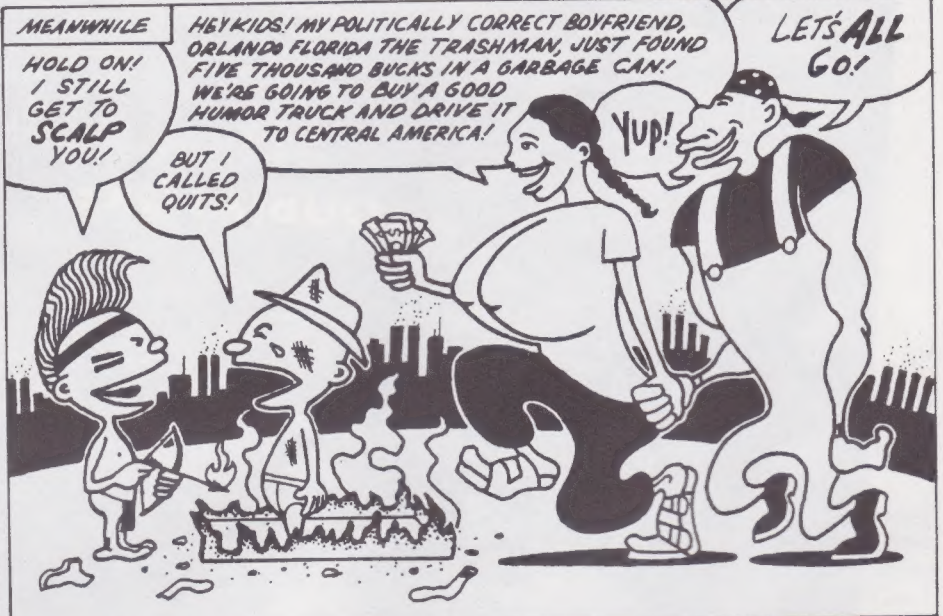
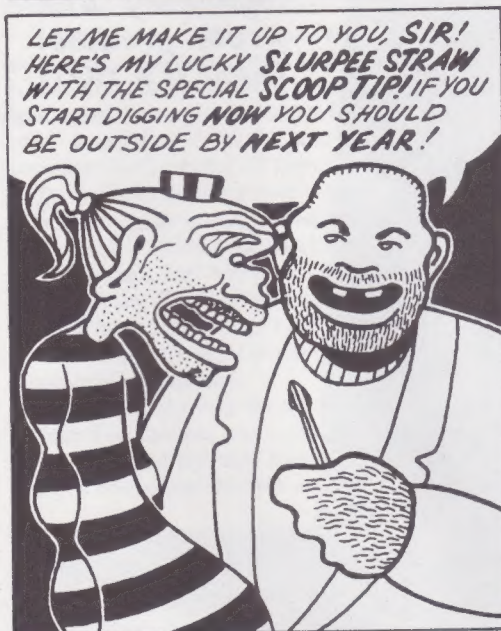
NO WAY--THEY'D FRY ME FOR SURE! BESIDES, THOSE KIDS DON'T NEED A "GOOD EXAMPLE," THEY NEED A GOOD KICK IN THE PANTS!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, SIR!

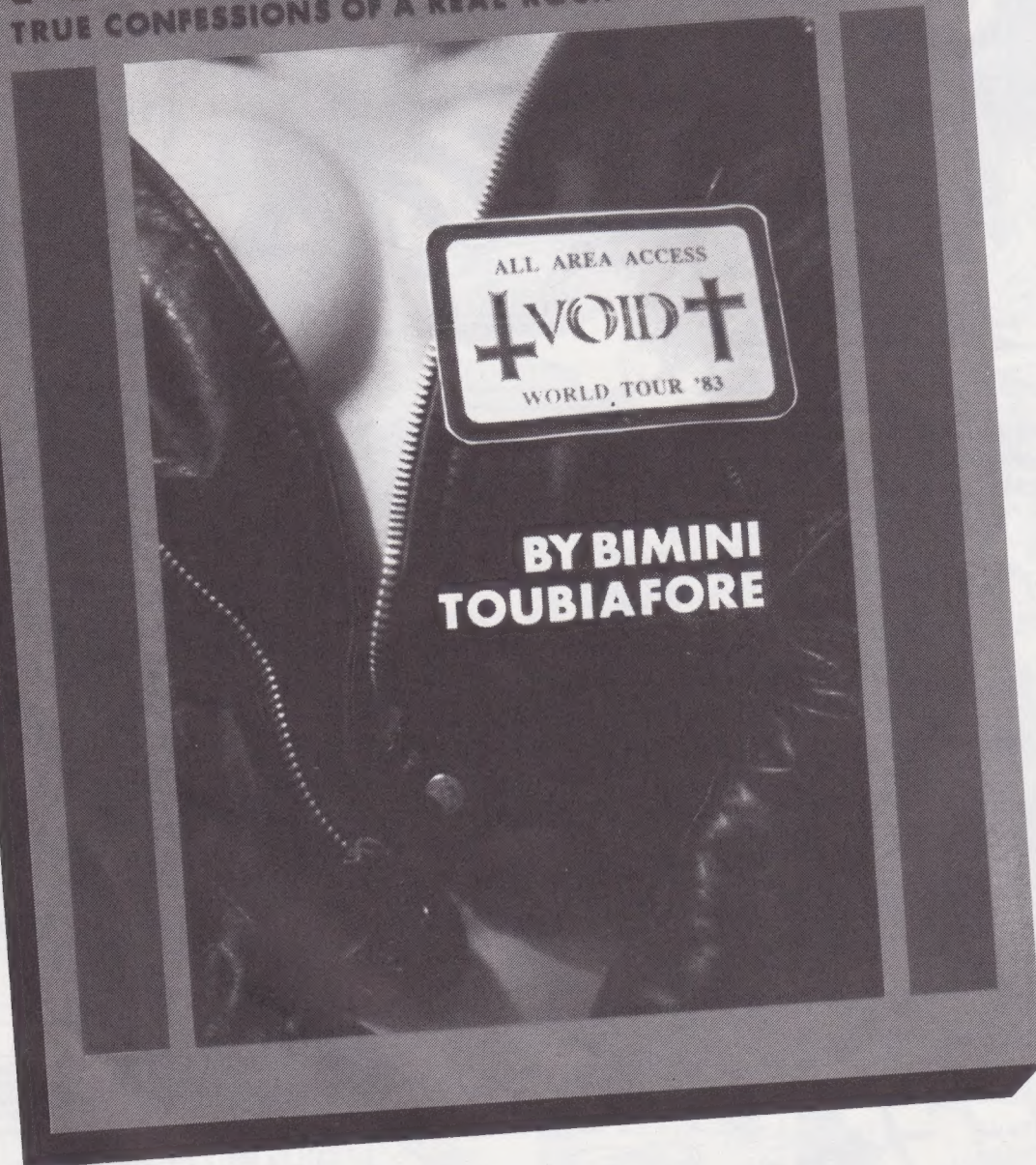






I'VE BEEN WITH THE BAND

TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A REAL ROCK-N-ROLL GROUPIE



A
MOTORBOOTY
Exclusive!
Choice
excerpts from
the
outrageous
new book by
Bimini
Toubiafore, a
legendary Ann
Arbor groupie!
Ouch it's HOT!

"Hi, it's me!"

After I lost my virginity to Kevin Strickland (who would later become the bass player of the Laughing Hyenas), things really started picking up. I was introduced to a whole new exciting world I never knew existed: punk rock. Punk was now, punk was mean, punk was me. I dyed my hair black, flipping the bird to society. I threw away *all* my Duran Duran stuff. I was living on the edge and I loved it.

With all the adorable bands who came through Ann Arbor, the punk mecca of the Midwest, who would have thought that I'd lose my heart and my head over the cherubic singer of a local quasi-metal band like the

Necros? His name was Barry Henssler, Pisces, on the cusp of Aquarius. Nude, he looked like Cupid. I always imagined him suspended in mid-air with a bow-and-arrow and a pair of wings. The night we met is still fresh in my mind. We were introduced by Thurston Moore, backstage at a Violent Apathy reunion show. He was opinionated, to be sure, and maybe a tad bit hostile, but oh so cute and witty!!!! I wasn't sure what he thought of me, but when he kept referring to me as "Hey You," I knew I would make him mine. *Soon*. I saved a beer bottle that he'd emptied, feeling warm knowing that he had wrapped his luscious lips around it. Later that week I got his phone number from the

Photoman and called him immediately, posing as a fanzine editor who wanted the *inside* scoop. He agreed to do a short interview, so I arranged to meet him at his apartment (!!!!) later that evening. I arrived dressed in my usual courting attire, a thigh-length mink with nothing underneath except my stockings and high heels. I started with a couple of questions about the road, moved on to shampoo preferences, and then inquired whether he would like to see my tattoo. I took my coat off to show him, even though the tattoo (a serpent wrapped around a star) is on my ankle. I guess he liked me. We made love on his futon, his divan, and his coffee-table, right next to his display copy of *Last*

Exit to Brooklyn and his Pagans singles. He was relentless, even better than I dreamed Gibby Haynes could be.

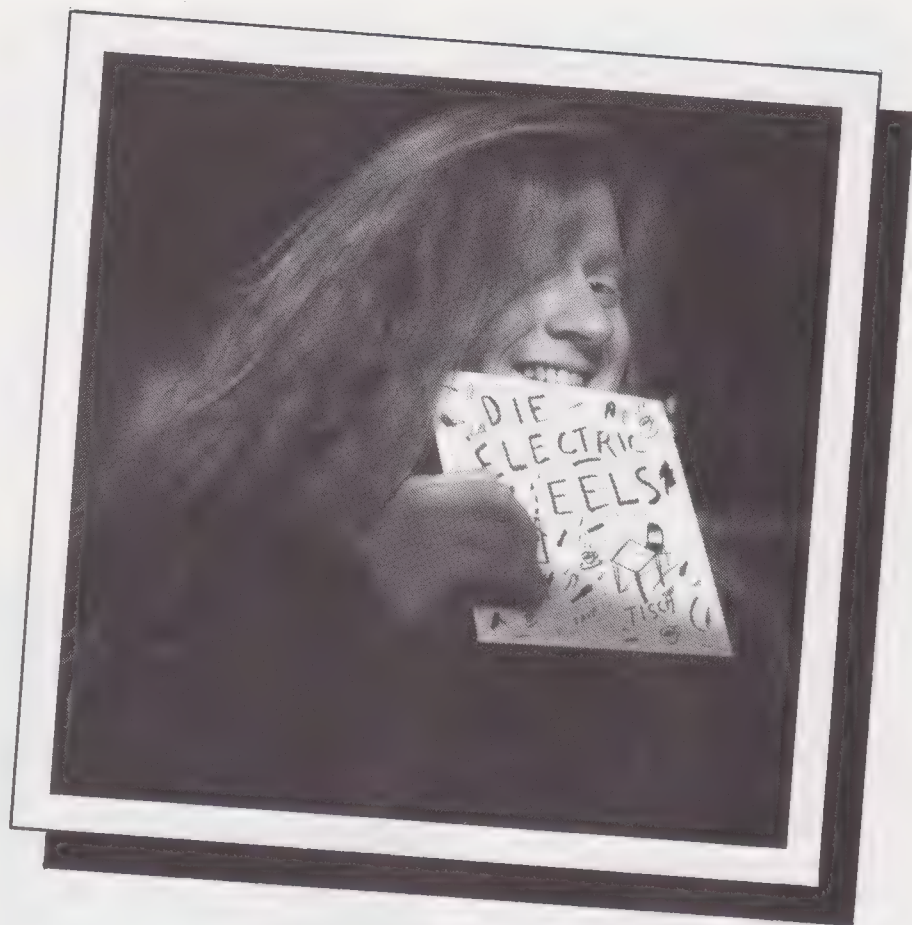
"Hensslerforth," we were inseparable. I always felt we were true soulmates while shopping; I bought him *lots* of records. We'd eat out a lot, and he'd always get me to pay. His favorite was paella by the pound. I was constantly at his doorstep, waiting for him to come home and greet me with "Oh Christ, *you* again." And yet I knew that underneath his grizzly bear exterior lay a teddy bear, just waiting to be cuddled. He was loving, but demanding. When he complained that my blow jobs weren't up to snuff (Although Queensryche never complained!), he would put on "Cyclotron" by the Electric Eels and say "Give me a hum job that *feels* like this record sounds." When I didn't understand, he just shook his thick mane of hair and muttered, "Bitch wouldn't know rhythm if Bootsy Collins came in her mouth." That Barry, always the cut-up!

Although our fucking was fantastic, our hearts were sadly never meant to meld together as one. Our minor squabbles came to a major head when I complained about his bringing other women with us on our dates and assuming that I pay for all three of us. "Best let fly with the dinero if you want *this* guy dipping into your assets, *mamacita*," were his exact words. What a meanie!!!! I have to admit, though, my heart was broken and I sobbed on my Carebear sheets for days. But thinking back, I'll always have a warm spot for the crazy little elf, if not in my heart, then certainly in my backside.

I wasn't despondent for too long, though, because Die Kreuzen was coming to town and I'd always thought that Keith, the bassist, was one hot helpin' of flesh and hair. I saw

"Baby," he slurred dreamily, "in this scene there are people who do things, and people who just fuck the people who do things." Then he passed out in his own vomit.

Keith from across the room during the band's acoustic set and I knew that he was a 1980's Renaissance man. Dressed in paisley, dripping with bangles and beads, and oh! That hair! Bigger than in real life. It was hard to get near him because of all the cheap tramps vying for his attention, but none of those tawdry trollops were in my league. I glided on up to him, and from close range he seemed other-worldly. "You really do look like the American Marc Bolan," I purred. "How do you think I'd look in a boa?" he inquired coyly. "You'd look even more beautiful," I said, "and I've got one back at my place." He did look amazing, all pale flesh and feathers, but we spent the whole night sipping wine and talking, he having a disdain for what he called "cheap and meaningless scraping." I guess I had to agree, but if he had wanted me



Barry, always the cuddly man: "It's that time again!"

that evening, I would have been knees-to-shoulders before you could say "Cows and Beer."

The next day was glorious: a romantic picnic in the forest. We feasted on fresh strawberries and each other, with the new saw grass tickling our bottoms. Attuned to the spirits of the earth, we were like two characters in a Tolkien novel. Sex with him was ethereal; I was groping clouds. "You *really* look like Marc Bolan," I sighed, brushing the dirt from my chin moments after my fifth orgasm. Keith is a frail artist, a hopeless romantic and master lover. Riding his white swan was an experience I'll never forget.

Giving Henry A Bath

Then I entered my flannel phase. First it was Dave "Lawn Boy" Pirner of Soul Asylum, who mowed me over with his down-home charm and a widdler that just wouldn't quit. I'd never seen one shaped like an Allen wrench before. Grant Hart of Husker Du came next, a big, burly, bundle of joy who introduced me to white powders and his boyfriend Ivan, who I later wooed away. Then I moved on to those wacky Replacements. First impish Tommy Stinson, an alter-boy with dirty underwear, and then at the next show his brother Bob, who while not nearly as good looking, sure had good drugs. I've always found that brothers share similar love-making techniques, and this time was no exception. Despite his balding pate, pasty

complexion, and his funny desire to try on my underthings, Bob was as good a lover as anyone in Minneapolis of his weight and age. He bought for me too.

But something about those beer-guzzling lumberjacks left me high and dry. They were fun-lovin' for sure, but dates spent playing pinball only do so much for a gal. What I needed was a *real* man, not just greasy kid stuff. Lucky for me Black Flag was coming to town. I had always liked Black Flag. Their music is so . . . *physical*, but even more muscular than their music was their lead loin, Henry. When I first saw him glistening with sweat in his Speedos, my woman's intuition told me that beneath his body by Atlas was a mind by Socrates. Swinging the mike cord like the Johnny Weissmuller of punk, his animal magnetism was more than enough to make any girl want to tear off her panties and hurl them stageward. I know *I* did. Right then and there I swore I'd be the Jane to his Tarzan.

Maybe I should have guessed that something was amiss, though, when my undies stuck to his chest like he was a human No-Pest strip. Could it have been more than just smoldering sexuality that emanated from his body? Clutching my lucky scarf (that Nikki Sudden gave me!!!!) I approached him cautiously after the show, half from his intimidating monobrow, and half from the curious odor which seemed mysteriously to follow him wherever he went. Quivering

nervously, I stepped in his path and uttered a meek "Hi." He put me right at ease by quickly responding, "Call me Henry. My parents did." My offer to show him around the late-night sights of Ann Arbor piqued the interest of the intellectual explorer in him. "I've always wanted to see Ann Arbor. People are always comparing me to a guy from here who I'm much cooler than." I assumed he meant Iggy Pop, but he later told me he meant Henry Miller. (I didn't correct him then, but he must have been referring to Arthur Miller. A mistake anyone could make, I guess.)

We walked the starry AM streets together, talking about life after death, Machiavellian lust for power in the songs of early Teardrop Explodes, and post-modern magic realism. Or rather, he did the talking; I could barely get a word in edgewise. We stopped in to the Cloverleaf Diner, my favorite all-night bohemian coffee joint, where Henry was quick to whip out a notebook to record the thoughts he had uttered during our walk. "That stuff was too valuable just to waste in conversation," he muttered as he scribbled furiously. In between belts of black coffee, he would look up at me with an intense grimace, eyes ablaze with inspiration as his hand struggled to keep up with the rapid-fire profundity of his mind. Then he spoke. "Listen to this. It's called 'Ann Arbor — 3:14 AM': 'The trees swayed like hippies, in the Vietnam of urban renewal.'" Then he plunged back into his prose. When I'd try to make love talk with him, he'd snap, "Shhhh. I'm creating," but he still had time to turn and talk shop with the 777 Guy. "Street people are the true poets of this society," he said sagely. When his notebook was full, he grabbed a couple menus to inscribe his wisdom upon, but seeing the sun coming up out of the corner of my eye, I snapped up a handful of napkins for him and said, "You can finish at my place." I was almost too tired to walk, so we hailed a taxi for home.

As we drove through the rays of the rising sun, I noticed again that scent that had annoyed me at the show. The smell intensified when we arrived back at my place, so I guess it wasn't the bottle guys or the cab driver after all. In fact, the aroma—a strange cross between puppy sweaters and burnt coffee—was coming from Henry himself. I hoped that it was just his clothes that were foul-smelling, but as I peeled them off, I discovered to my dismay that they were just a saving grace for the stench that lay beneath. I guess that "soap" was not a word in his voluminous vocabulary. I still wanted to run my tongue all over his well-toned anatomy, but only after it had been well-washed. With his skivvies out of the way, just one thing stood between me and the seventh level of heaven: his personal hygiene. I wasn't about to let something as easily scrubbable as that get in the way of boundless ecstasy. "Let's take a bath," I cooed.

As I ran water into the tub and added the last drops of my Mr. Bubble, Henry continued to speak about all of his close personal friends in the literary world. "Just read with Selby last week," he revealed. "Out of sympathy, I

opened up for the old coot. He's really into my stuff, and thinks I'm the new him. But I know I'm way better." I readily agreed, motioning him into the tub. As I soaped his strong shoulders, he reminisced about pheasant hunting with William Burroughs. "Not only am I a better writer, but I'm a much better shot. That old sword-swallower. Doesn't he know homos can't hunt? He peaked with *Junky*. I whopped his wrinkly ass with *Polio Flesh*, and my new book that's coming out, *Your Arms Too Short To Jack Off God*, will kick that fucker into an old folks home, no prob." From under the suds came his opinions of Georges Bataille, Louis-Ferdinand Celine, and Alain Robbe-Grillet. "Those frogs may not be circumcised, but they sure can put pen to paper." I just nodded and kept scrubbing as he continued. "That William Gibson guy may be some kind of



An unscrupulous local magazine published this picture of what Steve Jr. might have looked like.

sci-fi bad ass, but he'd be a whole fuck of a lot cooler if he had tattoos like me. What a geek. Looks like he's in REM or somethin'. 'Cyberpunk.' I made that up. It was in the chorus to 'Damaged XII,' we just never recorded it." By this point he was beginning to smell like a spring afternoon, and I was hoping he'd turn his attention to affairs of the flesh, if not the heart, but he kept going on about his special place on the outskirts of society. "You gotta reinvent yourself," he said, "you gotta kill your parents. If not literally, then certainly figuratively. That's why I changed my name to 'Rollins.' I didn't want nothin' to do with my parents' world. Fuckin' 'Garfield' sounds like a cat. When you're an outlaw like me, you live by your own rules."

After what seemed like hours of all chatter, no kisses, I finally got down to a layer of pink skin as the clock chimed 10 AM. "Hey, stores are open," he shouted. "Let's go buy some books!" Yawning, I declined. "Let's go to bed," I offered. "'The woods are lovely,

dark and deep,'" he recited. "'and I have many miles to go before I sleep,' so I'm bailing. Thanks for the bath." After all those hours of anticipation, I'll admit it was a disappointment when he left without even a quickie, but I wouldn't trade my evening with the Rimbaud of hardcore for all the sin in San Francisco. I'll never wash my tub again.

Just A "Sweet Catholic Dish"

I breezed into New York City just in time to attend Michael Gira's 40th birthday party. The party was surprisingly festive, considering Mike's dour public image, with various Shimmy Disc bands providing musical entertainment and zany Gong-inspired skits. Never in all my bed-wrestling days had I seen such a smorgasbord of tasty men gathered in one place. Rob Straker of White Zombie was making time with the fondue; I wished he'd perform some of his Olga Korbut moves on me. J. Mascis of Dinosaur was lifting his eyebrows slyly; he might have been stuporous, but I *knew* he wanted me. Pussy Galore's Jon Spencer was sliding his tongue in the ear of a drunken Jarboe; didn't he remember the time I made him come in his pants in the bathroom at Maxwell's? I quivered when Soundgarden's Chris Cornell, the Conan of pigfuck, asked me my astrological sign; I've had dreams where I'm a damsel in distress and Chris, my shirtless hero on a white horse, rescues me. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted the sultry Gibson Haynes. Though I've never had him, more than one of my friends has told me that just one tablespoon of his man-juice has the same hallucinogenic power as fifteen hits of the best Owsley acid. It wasn't entirely an earthly paradise, though: Eugene Chadbourne was already blasted on sloe gin and grenadine and was walking around shirtless, doing Leslie West imitations.

Once Tesco arrived, dressed as the Statue of Liberty, things really started to heat up. Thurston was visibly uptight after hearing the rumor that Kim Gordon's former flame, Danny Elfman of Oingo Boingo, might show up. In a total rage, he started breakdancing to "I Hate Cop Cars" when a goofy spiky-haired character arrived, but it was only Jello Biafra. Meanwhile, Tesco and the irrepressible Dylan Cohl picked a fight with Marni Greenholz, former nobody from Live Skull. There were lots of other dressed-in-black losers from various can't-play-at-all Sonic Youth-wanna-be bands, but I didn't remember any of their names, and besides, none of them were as hunky as that guy from Bongwater with the beanbag hat.

With so many delicious men, I had a hard time choosing who my tag-team partner for the evening would be. I knew one man who it wouldn't be, though: the cruelly beautiful Steve Albini, who ducked around the corner when he saw me. Once he had been the piston that made my engine purr, but then he filled my tank with sugar and abandoned me at the side of the road. Could the cold stranger who now pretended to make meaningful conversation with Mark "The Animal" Mendoza of Manowar be the same love

banasher who once fucked me simple on the Loop to Evanston?

We met the night of Big Black's sold-out gig at the Halfway Inn. They needed lodging and I needed love, so I played hotel, motel, and Holiday Inn to the whims of the world-travelled trio. As the lights grew dim back home, I could feel the hormones surging amongst them. I had a suspicion that they were soon to suggest a four-way intra-band love-in, but I wanted no part of the balding foreign guitar player or the fat retarded bassist. Skinny Steve was my man. In retrospect, maybe it was the unsightliness of his bandmates that first pushed me towards Steve, but it was the way he used his thing that kept me coming back for more. I never would have expected such torrents of love from someone that looked like my high school calculus professor.

Never being fond of the one-night thing, especially with someone so bristle-headed and dear as "Spore" (my pet-name for Stevie), we decided to continue our relationship long-distance. I scheduled my life around trips to Chicago, where Steve revealed his romantic side by showing me the Windy City's cultural highlights: the Art Institute, the Museum of Science and Industry, Naked Raygun's practice space, and the place where Dillinger was shot. He confessed his eternal love for me, saying he liked me more than the Count Bishops. I was intoxicated with the mad genius of Albini, copping a buzz off his cynical musings. He showed me the humor in torture and the wisdom in genocide, and I'll always remember him for it. I still have the forensic surgery photographs he gave me for my birthday.

After all these tender moments, I never would have dreamed that I would fall victim to the callousness and sarcasm he so freely inflicted on others. Hypnotized by the passion of that lust-drenched summer, I had forgotten to take my "girl medicine," and the clinic informed me that I was soon to be Mama Albini. I called Steve to tell him that one of our Loop-jobs had knocked me up. He was shocked, but understanding. I had already realized that to have the baby would jeopardize Stevie's burgeoning career, and I couldn't be responsible for silencing one of the Twentieth Century's brightest mouths. He sounded more concerned than relieved when I told him my plan to have some slight feminine surgery. He promised to be by my side all the way through the operation, and swore he'd wire me enough money the next day. Of course, this made me love him all the more.

Imagine my surprise when the funds never arrived, Steve never showed, and my phone calls went unreturned. Even stranger still, it seemed as if everyone knew of my condition. People I passed on the street would smile knowingly and call me "Mama" or "sweet Catholic dish" under their breath, as if they'd read about it somewhere. I was confused and disappointed, then hurt and humiliated. How could he be such a creep? Didn't the memories we shared mean anything to him?

I was walking wounded for months, drifting

from one meaningless fling to another. I tried to lose my grief in the arms of someone new every evening, but it was just no use. The roster was eclectic: the singer from Electric Love Muffin, the drummer from the Celibate Rifles, the singer from Motorhome, the guitar player from Born Without a Face, various Del Fuegos, Special K from Gone in 60 Seconds, 4/6ths of Tom Gemp, and the bass players from Violent Apathy, the Necros, Crackhore,

Keith and Danny
of Die Kruezen.



and Frightwig. Jesus, even the guy from Bomb who told me he was a writer. I completed the rhythm section of the Laughing Hyenas when I nabbed skin-beater Mike Danner, yet still my heart remained unfulfilled. Even my jaunt to New York didn't pick up my spirits completely. All those men certainly kept me awake, but somehow the special spark was missing.

Like a cloud the heartache lingered, until that golden day when Die Kruezen came back through town.

The Die Kruezen Love Child

I woke up gig day in a real *wild* mood. I just wasn't myself. I was restless all day, unable to concentrate on anything but the thought of Milwaukee's finest dazzling the stage at Paychecks in a few teasingly distant hours. I paced the floor, my breath was short, and I couldn't help but make mewling noises. The moon *must* have been in the seventh house. I listened to *October File* nine times, dwelling on "Man in the Trees." It seemed like decades since I had seen Die Kruezen in the flesh, and I could hardly wait to get there, but I took an extra long time getting dressed for the gig — everything had to be perfect. I wasn't sure which one of them to dress for, so I went all out. My X-rated purple tie-dyed stretch pants for Erik, my phosphorescent

knee-high riding boots for Herman, my strapless near-transparent bustier for Danny, and scads of beautiful scarves, bracelets, and rings of Mexican silver for Keith, just in case he didn't remember me.

At the show, it was once again obvious that I wasn't the only girl interested in the dairyland darlings. Once the music started, it was a regular bump-and-grind armageddon, as my floozie competition and I faced off in the front row. Their tube-tops were tight enough, but I quickly out-distanced them with my world-class shimmy, and soon all Die Kruezen eyes were on me. I could have had any of them, but I chose Danny because of the far-away puppy-dog look in his eyes. He looked lost, but I knew I could find him, so I took him home. I immediately showed him to my bedroom. His passion was downright canine, but from his still-spaced expression I could sense that he felt there was something missing. "Is there something missing?" I asked. "I need something," he whispered. Naturally, I ran out of my room in a towel, and brought back a can of Crisco shortening and my roommate, Ho Chi Minh Trail. I guess that did the trick. By the time we all passed out from exhaustion at sunrise, his eyes were aglow like the dawn's early light.

Even though my period wasn't due for two more weeks, by that afternoon I could already sense the presence of a future little musician within my womb. I didn't need an obstetrician to tell me I was pregnant, so I wasted no time in phoning all my friends to share my joyous news. Unlike my last pregnancy, this one would be for keeps. Since the Die Kruezen boys aren't hung up on morals or other social graces, I knew they'd be knocked out by my being knocked up. They're not the type of guys to let a little thing like paternity stand in the way of their quest for college rock Valhalla. I immediately got to planning all the details of the blessed event. Even though the baby was conceived by Danny and Ho and I, each member of the group would be considered an equal partner in our "love child." Roadies would get a quarter share in the fatherhood, and Rob Tyner and his old lady could serve as godparents.

The shower would be the biggest event since the break-up of Minor Threat. *Everybody* would be there, and there'd be gifts galore. When lil' "Rowland Bolan" Toubiafore finally arrived (I knew it'd be a boy!!!!), I would dress him like a little pimp, what with the '70s back in and everything. He'd look so damn cute in a wide-brimmed purple fedora, floor-length rabbit fur coat, and some toddler-sized platform shoes. I would be completely open with him, and tell him the truth about everything, so he'd have no hang-ups about sex, drugs, or astrology. I was certain raising little Rowland would be a dream come true. I had already designed his first tattoo. Nothing could have prepared me for what happened next.

Next Issue: Strange Pains Down There...Minneapolis Is Just A Big Kalamazoo...Australia Is Just A Big Minneapolis

LET'S DO Brunch!

by TERRY BEN ©1989

COME DOWN, BILL. SUZY AND DANNY ARE HERE!

BUT FIRST PUT ON A DECENT SHIRT!

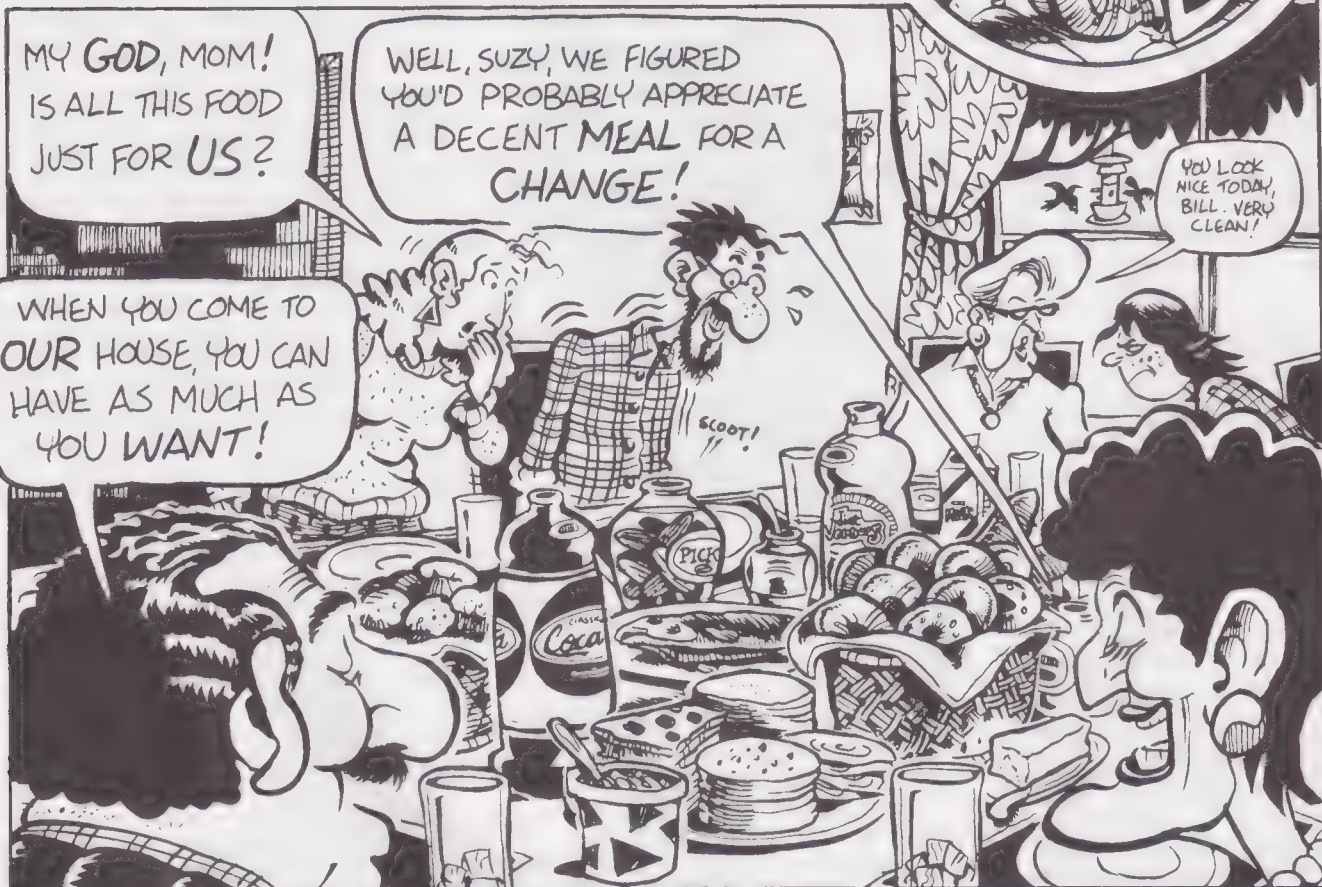


MY GOD, MOM! IS ALL THIS FOOD JUST FOR US?

WELL, SUZY, WE FIGURED YOU'D PROBABLY APPRECIATE A DECENT MEAL FOR A CHANGE!

WHEN YOU COME TO OUR HOUSE, YOU CAN HAVE AS MUCH AS YOU WANT!

YOU LOOK NICE TODAY, BILL. VERY CLEAN!



HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY FOOD, Y'KNOW.

OF COURSE. BUT THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN MERE SURVIVAL!

THAT'S RIGHT! DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN AFFORD TO EAT LOX LIKE THIS EVERY DAY!

WHO'D WANT TO? THEY'RE FULL OF NITRATES! IT'S POISON IF YOU EAT IT ALL THE TIME!



YOU KNOW, SUSAN, IT **SURPRISES** ME THAT SOMEONE WHO CONSIDERS HERSELF SO INTELLIGENT AND WELL-INFORMED HAS SUCH AN **AVERSION** TO THE **GOOD** THINGS IN LIFE...

LIKE **WHAT?**

LIKE THE THINGS **MONEY** CAN BUY...

OOOH...SPEAKING OF **MONEY**, SUSAN, YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE A **GREAT** CONTACT AT THE **REGIONAL** **BANK!**

DAD! YOU **KNOW** I DON'T WANNA WORK AT A **BANK!**

WELL, I RAN INTO RACHEL HORVITZ THE OTHER DAY, AND SHE SAYS EDNA JUST **LOVES** IT THERE!

\$35,000, PLUS BENEFITS!

Hot!
MUSTARD
NET WT. 7OZ 1989

SO **WHAT?** WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS COMPARING ME TO YOUR **FRIEND'S** KIDS? IF YOU'D STOP TRYING TO CRAM **YOUR** VERSION OF LIFE DOWN MY THROAT, MAYBE YOU COULD ACTUALLY LEARN SOMETHING FROM **MINE!**

OH, YOU'VE TAUGHT US **PLENTY**, SUSAN!

SNURK!

WITH A NICE HAIRCUT AND SOME NEW CLOTHES, I'LL BET YOU COULD FIND A BEAUTIFUL **GIRLFRIEND.**

SHORT HAIR'S "IN" THESE DAYS.

KNOCK IT OFF, GRANDMA!

JEEZ, IT'S A WONDER I MANAGED TO GROW UP WELL-ADJUSTED AT **ALL!**

IT DOESN'T SURPRISE **US**, SUSAN! YOU WERE A **BRILLIANT** CHILD!

SO MUCH **POTENTIAL!**

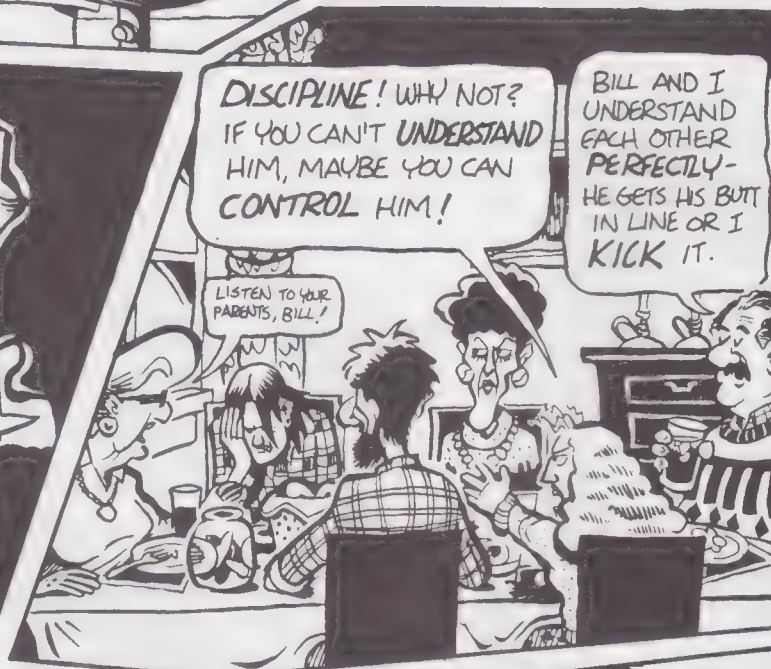
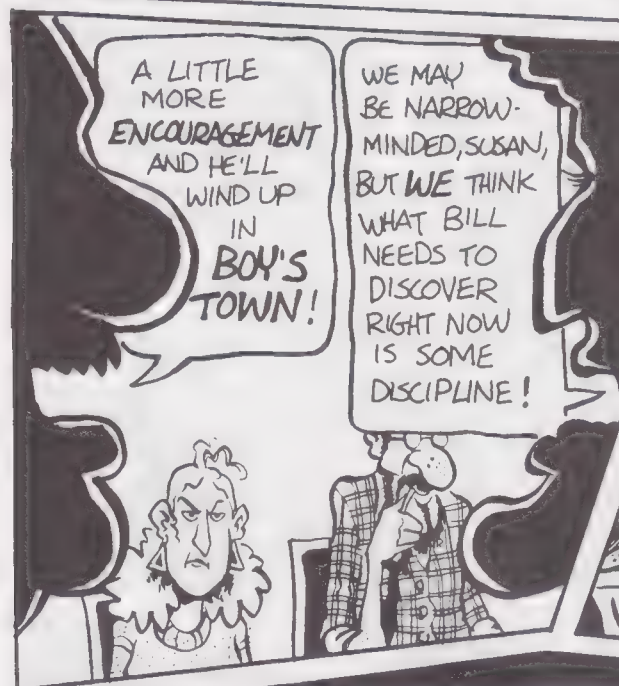
EVERYONE'S GOT **POTENTIAL** IN THIS FAMILY - EVEN YOUR **BROTHER!**

YOU DO LIKE GIRLS, DON'T YOU?

GRANDM...
HUH?



GOD, I'M ASTOUNDED BY HOW **NARROW** YOUR DEFINITIONS OF **BEAUTY** ARE! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S INVOLVED IN AN ESSENTIAL PROCESS OF **SELF-DISCOVERY**?



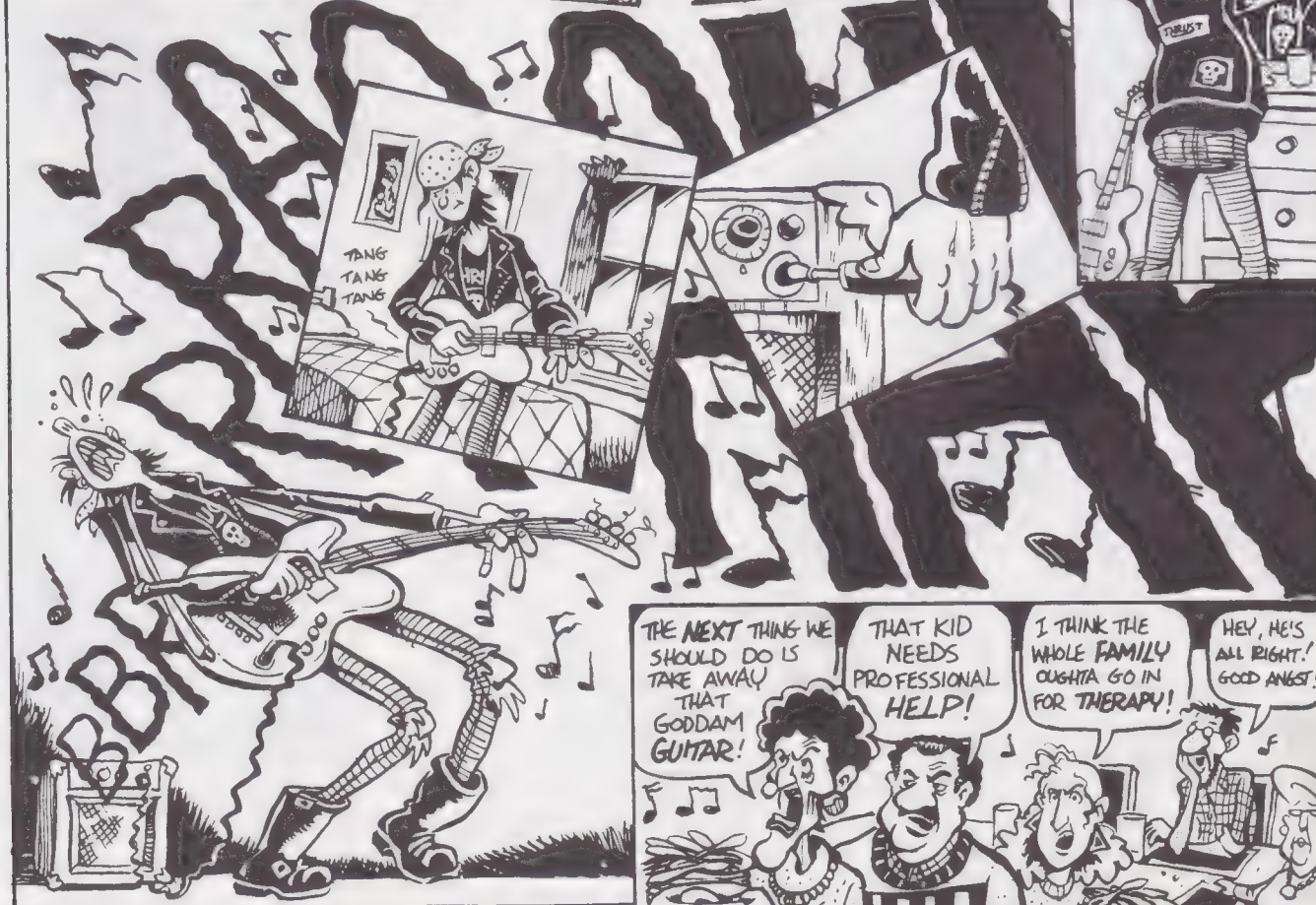
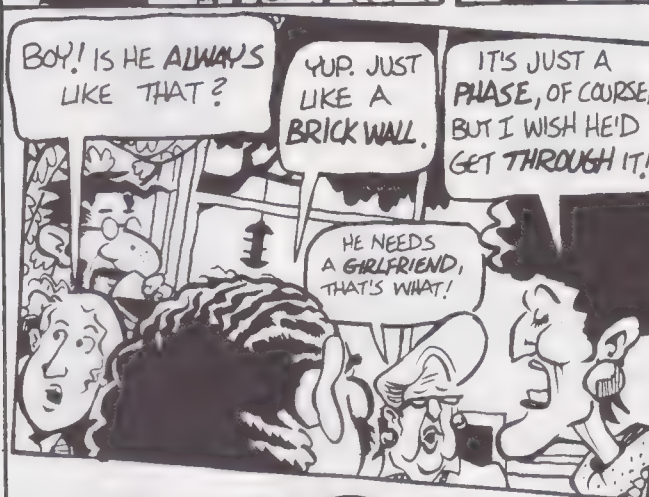
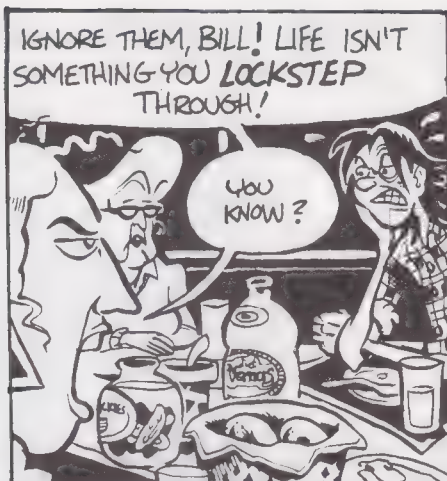
BILL CAN'T **UNDERSTAND** YET HOW HIS ACTIONS **NOW** CAN AFFECT HIS LIFE **LATER**. WE'D HATE TO SEE SOMEONE WITH HIS **ABILITIES** WIND UP DIGGING DITCHES OR DRIVING A **CAB**!



MOM! WAS THAT NECESSARY? WHAT THE **HELL** GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO...

CALM DOWN, SUSAN! I DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE **THAT**!





WHEN GOOD BANDS START TO SUCK

HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE TELL-TALE SIGNS AND THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

A MOTORBOOTY Public Service By Mike Rubin

While there are few carved-in-stone certainties in the ironically-named strain of pop music called "rock", the one hard, fast, inescapable fact is that every band deemed "good" by critical or popular fanfare will eventually suck. No matter how pioneering their musical approach was, no matter how catchy or skillful their songwriting seemed, no matter how cool their t-shirts looked — there is no escape from the bottomless pit of suck. Like the proverbial death and taxes, the musical equivalent of senility inevitably claims all who dare strap on a guitar and begin to flail away. Look what happened to every single hardcore band who didn't break up because their singer overdosed on heroin in L.A. While the limits and levels of suckativity are certainly in the eyes/ears/attitude problems of the beholder, anybody who isn't a full time shill for a record label knows that there are few/very few/just about no groups that don't eventually wallow in the stench of their own recorded output.

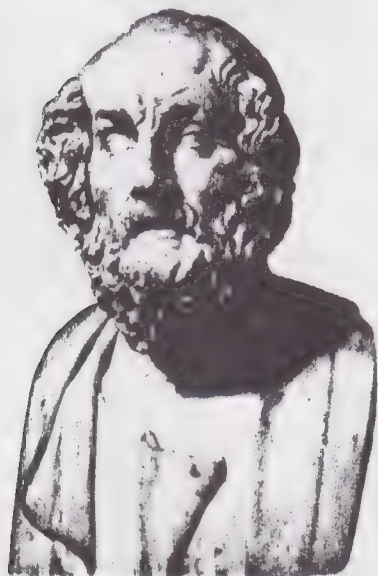
It may seem to smack of elitism or pretension, but something has to change negatively about a band's music before it can be appreciated/ assimilated/ absorbed by/into the general public. For example, a band like Sonic Youth (who as of this writing, still do not suck but have made occasional nods in that direction) will have to record a more accessible/inferior record in order to win the hearts, minds, and pocket change of an even larger audience. The approach that endeared/antagonized their "original" set of admirers/ignorers will have to be compromised or transformed in some way for the band to be "discovered" by a more wide/mass/mainstream public. In Sonic Youth's case, what that will potentially/gradually mean is: 1.) conventional "rock/pop" song structures (something which they have been moving more and more towards since their — ahem— "breakthrough" LP EVOL); 2.) less and less (til there is none/almost none) of the unconventionally tuned/atonal/improv/free-floating art-noise/skronk that is their "trademark" (a move that is hinted at over much of Daydream Nation, with such probing/jamming/noodly-doodling primarily reserved for the endings of otherwise conventionally constructed songs); 3.) more even/tuneful/professional singing (a trend that also has been underway since EVOL, made even more apparent by Thurston Moore's more seasoned phrasings/croonings and the more frequent use of Lee Ranaldo's vocals on Daydream Nation); and 4.) song subject matter even more conventional (or at least more ambiguous) than such marginalized/underground/"plgfuck" topics as the Manson Family, Central Park rapists, and out-of-body sexual/drug experiences. Yes, it's still not too late for the Youth to become the Talking Heads of the '90s.

The symptoms of musical suckhood may be subtler and less obvious than one might expect. Therefore, for your benefit, catalogued here is a compendium of assorted earmarks and eyesores, signs and signifiers, fuck-ups and faux pas that indicate the presence of this terminal malady.

■ **Following Formula:** The leading cause of creative death among bands of all shapes and styles. It sounds new and works great the first time around, but the second, third, third-and-a-half (bonus EP), and fourth? No matter how revolutionary or just plain good-to-your-ear-hole a band starts off being, the same ol' shit gets real tired real fast. Instead of continually evolving/developing/progressing as they mature/solidify/grow their hair, once a band stumbles onto something that works they unfortunately tend to stick with it. The same riff *does* get a bit tiresome over the course of a decade. Repetition, repetition, and more repetition killed hardcore, it killed speed metal, and it killed the Ramones, the Cocteau Twins, the Celibate Rifles, Big Black/Rapeman, Firehose, Alex Chilton, the Descendents, Discharge, the Ex, Ted Nugent, Metallica, Psychic TV, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. A rock and roll maxim is that every good band makes exactly one (count it, one) good record, and the rest you can just use as serving trays for those little baby hot dogs stuffed with gooney yellow cheese and wrapped in bacon.

■ **Thanking Jesus:** Seems like the Almighty would be a little too busy to rock out with anybody, let alone find the time to pen tunes for Bob Dylan. If Yahweh was truly looking out for Mr. Zimmerman's career interests, would He

really have let Crazy Bob survive that motorcycle wreck and go on to record tripe like *Slow Train Coming*? Seeing Christ's name listed on the liner notes along with Zildjian cymbals and Mesa Boogie amps is the quickest way to know that a performer's ego has reached mushroom cloud proportions. What makes a rock star so important that the Big Guy would want to be their co-producer? You have to figure that musicians are a little bit off their nut when they hear Him whispering in their ear, tellin' 'em to pose Adam-nekkid on their album covers. Like God would make Prince hump a bed on stage and prance around whining "We can fuck until the dawn/Makin' love till cherry's gone." *Sure* He would. And He's to blame for Stryper too.



■ **Homeric Epics:** The whole point of rock/pop music is to capture a particular melody/harmony/drone pattern in a relatively brief unit of time, roughly 3 1/2 to 5 minutes (depending on single or album formats). Song lengths that exceed 5 1/2 minutes are pushing the limits of the human attention span, and all this 7, 8, and 9 minute crap is a lot closer to Tull's "Thick As A Brick" than it is to "genius." Even though they spawned yawn-inducers firehose, the Minutemen could say more in 55 seconds than Metallica can hope to do in 7:01 minutes, the average song length on . . . *And Monotony For All*. Judging by their eagerness to sit through an ordeal like "To Live Is To Die" (clocking in at a mere 9:48) or "And Justice For All" (at a comparatively brief 9:44), Metallica's fans must either be a.) more patient than the average rock listener; b.) committed enough to overlook the overt Yes-isms of their heroes; c.) so sophisticated as to realize that baroque speedmetal is the new classical music; or d.) dumber than anybody else. And Metallica fans are reputed to be brighter than your average metal dunce. Think about *that*.

■ **When A Woman Marries Into the Band and Plays Rhythm Guitar:** Not to say that women can't play electric musical instruments with a sense of testosterone toughness, or that the Fall blow outright or anything, but their current incarnation as a "pop band" (as opposed to a musical grinding axe) can be traced directly back to Mark E. Smith's 1983 marriage to Brix. Yeah, *Perverved By Language* was swell, and *Our Nation's Saving Grace* might have been their tightest set since *Dragnet*, but *The Frenz Experiment*? *I Am Kurious Oranj*? The Fall used to be one of the world's finest, instead of just one of the few bands who can claim that they're only sort of mediocre. Not even a Mexican divorce can save them now.

■ **Don't, Don't, Don't, Don't Believe the Hype:** When a band is suddenly starting to get press clippings like "KISS meets the DeFranco Family in a blender with Otis Redding watching from a hillside humming side one of Chrome's *Half Machine Lip Moves*," or word of mouth like "more wild than even the Pixies or the Sugarcubes!," the time is nigh to avoid them like an Agnostic Front promo photo. Any time you see a band described as "the last" anything, you can be sure that some critic has been staring at the four walls of his solitary apartment for too damn long. There have been bands *before* and there will be bands *after*, none of which will be worth getting a tattoo about. The only way that press darlings like the Replacements or the Lazy Cowgirls are the culmination of rock and roll is if the whole shithouse spontaneously combusts next week, and if spineless Pussy Galore are "the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band, circa 1999," then you're Jimmy Osmond's lover. Rock critics will grasp at any chintzy angle to meet their deadlines: for example, it's bad news for those bands construed by scribes as being "dumb" (like Black Sabbath and Blue Cheer) to act their IQ, but it's alright for folks who are really "smart" (like Pussy Galore and Killdozer) to pose as being stupid. (Judging from the way he "articulates himself" through his music, PG's Jon Spencer was probably as pathetic a semiotics student at Brown University as he is as a guitar player.) Outrageous verbiage and unwieldy oxymorons (like "Nick Cave meets Slayer" from White Zombie's new press kit) are what puts the Cheez-Whiz on a critic's cracker, and elevating the mediocre likes of Robyn Hitchcock and Jesus and Mary Chain to messiah status are a hack's stock-in-trade. Rock critics are notoriously slow to catch on to a good thing, and record buyers are obviously even slower, so if your typical conehead with Greek letters on his sweatshirt starts to warm to a band, they've probably already been in a state of cold death for five albums or so. One million Butthole Surfer fans can't be right.



■ **Believing Own B.S.:** Which came first, the chicken or the chicken's attitude problem? The only thing worse than a group being called "the only band that really matters" is when they start believing it. After the first hyperbolic comparisons to Christ and Iggy hit the stands, delusions of grandeur and invincibility begin to set in, inevitably followed by either John Lennon-like messianic mouth-running or Alice Cooper-like round-the-clock self-parody. Some Bono-voxers suddenly discover they have "something important to say" and scan newspaper headlines for lyric fodder. Other egomaniacs end up embarrassing everyone by trying to pass themselves off as bohemian poet-novelist-performance artists. The really sincere ones end up wrapping their yellow sports car like a ribbon 'round an old oak tree along the Autobahn to immortality. Now *that's* entertainment.

■ **Adding An Instrument That Is Played Like the Piano:** Keyboards are multi-faceted; they can do anything! They can make one man sound like an entire orchestra, add lush layers of harmony and texture to bare bones arrangements, and enhance melodies with nuances heretofore unimaginable. They represent the apex of our musical technology. In short, they blow big time. The Stone Age sounds way cooler.

■ **Airbrushed Facial Features:** Those little crows feet should be telling you something, namely that Mr. or Mrs. Overthehill should have choked on their own puke a long time ago. Musicians who have to hide the evidence of their own fossilization through the miracles of modern photographic manipulation should be doing denture commercials, not double albums. Hell, these days they can make even Keith Richards look as young as Eater, just as easily as they can gloss over the embarrassing wrinkles that might

■ **Rerecording Old Songs:** Every so often, there's a real wisdom in clichés. One of the most applicable is, "if it ain't broke, don't fix it." From the Psychedelic Furs' 1986 soundtrack-sterile retread of 1981's "Pretty in Pink" to Spacemen 3's 1988 wimpification of 1987's *Transparent Radiation*, from the Bad Brains' Ocasek-damaged rehash of their amazing ROIR cassette on *Rock for Light* to the Scientists' brain-damaged remakes of all their good material on *Weird Love*, it's apparent that some bands just don't know how to quit when they're ahead. Just because a group can't write a good new song is no reason to go and wreck one of their good old ones. Lamer still is when former members of a happenin' outfit raid the song catalog of their alma mater, like Glenn Danzig dredging up the Misfits' "Horror Business" for Samhain to ruin. Using improved recording technology and swollen production budgets to "update" a perfectly good thing is in effect a negation of whatever was cool about the song in the first place. When it's successful, recorded music not only captures a certain moment, it also transcends intervening time and trends: to kick ass as hard today as it did when it was first laid down. To go back and tinker with that moment, however out of tune or off-kilter it might have been, is like gluing arms on the Venus de Milo to make her look more like the chick in the Bryan Adams video. Not that "Pretty in Pink" is equivalent to anything those zany Greeks did, but you get the drift, too.

real little bit tomorrow and nothing about it down around there we've got to do it you've got to have it every hour we've got to do it you do we you're fall in down on the pavement can you hear me talk in a ty! Whooo!") "voice of the lumpen" crowd singalongs, and an overall feeling that "you had to be there." The biggest problem is that you *do* have to be there: the experience of standing in a room full of sweaty, stinky sub-literates getting your tympanic membranes irrevocably torn apart just can't be shrinkwrapped and sold. Just because Joe Perry trips over a monitor during "Mama Kin" on *Live Bootleg* doesn't make his guitar sound any better than when he was equally drunk sitting down in the studio. Trying to pass off a "live" LP as an equivalent of a studio effort is a thinly-disguised tactic to buy time and ship product, and claiming that a band's drunken public blunderings are "raw energy" is just an excuse for bands that don't know how to get their act together in the first place.



■ Numbering Eponymous Record

Titles: About as original as naming your kid "John Doe, Jr." If a band doesn't have enough imagination to call their LP something other than "VIII," they probably aren't going to be able to come up with songs more inspired than "Everybody's working for the weekend/Everybody needs a new

■ **Reunions:** Sometimes a dead horse should just stay dead. The only thing a band can do to guarantee that they won't eventually stink is to break up. All the bands with their reputations still intact — the Stooges, the Sex Pistols, Minor Threat, to name some of the few — are the ones that busted up in their prime. Other bands had a clean slate going for them at the time of their dissolutions, but had to go and act like rock and roll Lazaruses and fuck it all up. Pere Ubu, Aerosmith, Die Kreuzen, the Descendents, the Adolescents, the Virgin Prunes, the Pagans, the Proletariat, the Scientists, the Bad Brains, etc., the list is endless and pointless. Maybe most pathetic of all is Wire. With each new record the reunited eunuchs release, they erase the accomplishments of one of their late '70s LPs. *Pink Flag* and *Chairs Missing* have already gone the way of the eight-track tape, and *154* is next. Not to be morbid or anything, but sometimes a plane crash can be a good thing. Here's hopin'

■ **Name Producers:** What can Rick Rubin, Bill Laswell, Steve Albini, or Kramer do that your average beer-swilling so-and-so can't? Push a band on the bubble over the top into suckhood, that's what. One man's trademark sound is another band's Poison. So this week's grunge band gets to sound like last week's metal, and last week's metal gets to sound like tomorrow's beer commerical. They all end up sounding like each other anyway. As a rule, the more albums a band records, the cleaner their production sounds, and the less they sound like themselves. (With pigfuck bands, however, this trend works in reverse, with each record getting progressively more murky and fuzz-laden in an attempt to recreate the "anger" that

earmarked earlier releases. "Recreate" is the key word here: whatever piss and vinegar Rapeman or Killdozer had in them ran down their legs a long time ago.)



■ **Forgetting the Punchline:** To be sure, rock and roll ain't a serious thang. In fact, if you really think about it, it's just plain silly. It should be easy for rock to be funny — the *form* itself is funny, in the same way that doing the nasty is funny — but ninety-nine percent of the time it just doesn't work out that way. Somehow in the telling of the rock and roll joke most bands blow the punchline, like a Borscht Belt comedian with one shaggy dog story and two hours to kill. Good bands can have a sense of humor, but there's a big difference between being ironic and being moronic. It's a matter of obviousness: you shouldn't need a rimshot to know you were supposed to laugh. Captain Beefheart is funny; Zoogz Rift isn't funny. AC/DC are funny; the Dead Milkmen really aren't funny. The Shaggs are funny; the Frogs just blow. As everyone should know, Elvis jokes just aren't worth a chuckle anymore, and neither are Camper Van Beethoven. Killdozer, Couch Flambeau, the Descendents, the Angry Samoans, Psychic TV, Swans, Mötörhøme, Redd Kross, the Butthole Surfers, Happy Flowers, the Thrown Ups, or hardcore. "Offbeat" + "quirky" = "shitty." The world needs a guitar-playing Emo Phillips like it needs Jello Biafra as a spokesman for *anything*.

■ **Greatest Hits:** A sure sign that the well has run dry. This time-tested repackaging move usually comes one studio LP after the live album, or when a band switches labels in search of further loot before their contract has run out. By the time a group has enough dusty

material to pick through to assemble a "Best Of" package, they've obviously been around far too long, and anybody who shells out the shekels for it obviously hasn't been around long enough. A perfect match.



■ **Beards:** Outside of certain religious sects, there is no excuse for mangy facial hair. Period. Beards have even less a place in rock music than on Wall Street; their presence is a sure sign of space-case hippie holdovers, interstellar instrumental loop-de-loo noodling, Southern-fried friggin' fusion, back-to-nature bullshit, boogie-til-ya-yak nonsense, and an overall disregard for anything except the next line that's going up the band's collective nose. A group that can afford to write albums in the studio but can't afford a Bic razor is a group who probably sound like the Ozark Mountain Daredevils. Look what beards did to Hawkwind and Black Flag: way too many records with creativity spread thinner than cream cheese at a discount deli. Seattle bumpers-and-grinders Soundgarden could soon be heading down the same road unless Kim Thayil cops a shave — already they sound more like King Diamond than White Zombie does. Mustaches and soul patches are a no-no too — sorry Tom Waits. ZZ Top were the sole exceptions to the rule, but "La Grange" was written years before they let their chinny-chin-chins extend to Hasidic proportions.

■ **Literary References:** Musicians look fine playing guitar, but they look really stupid when they start playing scholar. Dumbness is certainly not a prerequisite for being in a rock band, but pseudo-intellectual pretensions have no place in the lineup either. Think about it: just how deep can a ditty be? While literacy is no sin, it's possible to be "not dumb" without being pretentious. More often than not, musicians bandy about buzzwords of brain power to try to prove they aren't the rock and roll simpletons their sleeve photos make them out to be, and bands who drop the names of hip authors in interviews are just showing their guilt about not finishing college.

■ **"Collector's Item" Detritus:** Once a band discovers just how many saps there are out there willing to give up good

money for their bad attitude, the onslaught of collectible crap begins to flow. Picture disc interview LPs. Fuchsia-colored see-through vinyl. Ten page photo scrapbooks of somebody's brain surgery. European import 7" EPs of Monkees covers. Limited edition fanzine give-away throwaways. Otherwise unobtainable bonus tracks on CD. Overpriced alternate-take "rarities" and deservedly unheard B-sides. The sheer volume of all this souvenir stand *chuzzerai* reflects a mushrooming feeling of infallibility on the part of the band, as if any old thing with the band's name on it will sell. Unfortunately, it usually does. What's going on here isn't a case of rewarding the faithful with something "special," it's a case of the band cashing in before they become last year's "next big thing." Like Big Black.

■ **Replacing Cadavers:** Dead men tell no tales, but bands who replace dead men tell worse ones. Fate is a powerful critic, and when the Public Relations Representative of Death comes a-callin', the time is ripe to pack it in. Not that it's tacky or anything for a band to continue driving forward ruthlessly with nary a pit stop for a fallen vanmate, but Metallica might have at least waited til Cliff Burton was cold before they started holding auditions for his replacement. You'd expect such "professionalism" from corporate institutions like the Rolling Stones or the Who or Joy Division/New Order, but not from a band who supposedly eschewed the whole rock and roll, perm-costume-and-bullshit trip, and who knew the words to all the songs on the Misfits' *Beware* by heart. Oh well, ashes to ashes. . .

■ **Replacing Everybody Else:** A lube job is one thing, but a complete chop shop overhaul is another. The departure of crucial (in some cases, *all*) personnel can be just as terminal to a band's creativity as if said members were found taking a face-down float at their favorite swimming hole. Driven by an insane attachment to the band's moniker and the era it represents, one or two members, usually the singer, will keep the silly name alive at all costs, replacing the musicians continually as if they were wiper blades or shock absorbers. The end result is like putting a Mercedes hood ornament on a Volkswagen Bug and claiming that the Benz is as good as it ever was. Despite the presence of hood ornament John Lydon, recent Public Image Limited just doesn't compare to the original model, and neither do the Saints, the Gun Club, the Volcano Suns, the Lime Spiders, Chrome, the U.K. Subs, or the New MC5 (sic). Best to just trade the clunker in and get a Yugo.

■ **Comebacks:** There is no such thing as a musical comeback. When you suck, you suck. ■

JOYRIDING WITH THE INDESTRUCTIBLE EVEL Knievel

Ask anyone who lived through the seventies about that decade of excess, and one name always comes up: Evel Knievel. Some called him a hero, others called him a nut, but no one could deny that he was the guy who made a living jumping over buses (and sharks and refrigerators and Mexicans) on a motorcycle. In fact, in those crazed years before his spectacular failure to jump the Snake River Canyon plunged him into obscurity, Evel Knievel was one of the most talked-about men in America. Even though his claim to have broken every bone in his body (including the three tiny bones in the ear) is probably exaggerated, he actually did break more bones than any sane human living, and the various screws, hinges, and metal plates necessary to hold him together actually do weigh more than a toaster. Now that he's managing the motorcycle jumping career of his son Robbie, Evel is happily back in the public eye. This interview began at a gleaming, three-story, all-night truckstop and casino in the middle of the Nevada desert, and wound up several hours later in a custom-built Cadillac station wagon with "Eat my Fuck" stenciled across the rear door, as Evel did "power slides" and "donuts" across the great salt flats of Utah.

■ **MOTORBOOTY:** How did you get the name "Evel"?

■ **EVEL:** There was a guy named Knofol—real slippery son of a bitch—who was a notorious practical joker in my hometown. He was always doing things like writing the word "poop" with poop in public toilets and sneaking into the blind school to move the furniture all around, and when they threw him in jail he'd always bust out. After they finally broke his legs, they caught me stealing shower caps from the Piggly Wiggly and put me in with him. Vern Maddox, who was chief of police, looked in and said "We got Awful Knofol and Evil Knievel in jail!" Then he fell on his fat ass and nearly busted a gut laughing (laughs). He was a helluva guy for a cop. Anyway the name stuck, but I changed it to E-V-E-L. The other way was an unnecessary evil.

■ **You grew up in Butte, Montana?**

■ That's right, Butte, Montana, greatest town in the world. Used to have more whores working in one square block than they did in the whole state of Nevada (guffaws). On Saturday nights we used to turn the firehose on those whores and nearly piss ourselves laughing. We had a helluva time. To get prestige in Butte you had to be a pimp or a thief.

■ **Or a pimp and a thief.**

■ Well I don't like to brag (farts).

■ **Besides shower caps, what else did you steal?**

■ I stole everything. Hub caps, train tracks, gas stations. I used to steal cars

while guys were still sitting in them. Once my friend and I were out joyriding in a road grader and they caught us because the thing was so slow. We were supposed to go up for trial. We were in school that morning when all of a sudden the power went out and my friend was called to the office after it came back on. His dad was a lineman for the Montana power company and he was out on a job and he hit a line with his head. He got burned like a weenie and it shut off all the power in the county. His dad was trying to help us. His death saved us from having to pay some serious fines, it really did.

■ **That's pretty hard to believe.**

■ Buddy, there's a lot of things hard to believe. I've seen things that would just blow your rabbit ass away. I've *been* there. I broke every goddamned bone in my body twice and I saw God himself a couple times.

■ **A lot of people must have thought you were completely insane.**

■ Well they were right. But they were every bit as insane as I was. See, I'm glad there were people like that, because if it weren't for them I wouldn't have made my millions. And if it weren't for me they wouldn't have anything to spend their money on, so it all works out fine. They were part of my plan. There were plenty of people who were pulling for me, who came for the sport of it. They aren't the people I'm talking about. It's the guy who came to see me get killed and thought I was an idiot, that's who I'm

talking about. After the jump, if I wasn't lying on the ground waiting for an ambulance with both my legs broken, I used to love to spit in that guy's face. Take the money he paid to get in, drive away and spend it someplace. Have a drink on him and don't invite him along. Maybe turf his lawn afterwards.

■ **Didn't you think you might die?**

■ Hell, that never stopped me. Before jumps, I could hardly wait. As long as I lived I knew I'd get rich, do you understand that? When I went to the edge of Snake River, all those sons-of-bitches who never believed in me in the first place were saying "Now he's really going to back out, or he's gonna snuff it. I hope he snuffs it." I just looked at them and spat. Spat right in their blood-thirsty faces and laughed all the way to the bank. Snake River was the easiest money I ever made. Before the jump I went out, got stinking drunk with people I hated, and spent a million dollars overnight in Butte. I don't even remember how.

■ **You once said "Life is a funny car, but death is a drag strip." What did you mean?**

■ Not a goddamn thing.

■ **Did you have a death wish?**

■ Still do—to die in bed when I'm one hundred years old, with a bottle of J.D. in one hand and the tastiest broad from Butte in the other. Listen, if I would've bought the farm while I was jumping, I would've just got somewhere quicker than you, and when I got there I would've just taken a

dump and waited for you.

■ *And where would that be?*

■ The Evel Knievel heaven. See, in the Evel Knievel heaven, instead of wearing robes and playing harps, everyone would wear jumpsuits and ride motorcycles. There'd be an endless supply of beer in the drinking fountains and plenty of easy, good-looking broads dancing around with JFK and the Pope and me, of course. Mostly with me.

■ *Did women actually find you attractive once?*

■ Listen, I went to a place called Filthy McNasty's in Hollywood. And pretty soon these two gals—a blonde and a brunette—started to fight about which one was going to sit by me. Damn if they didn't start screaming and pulling hair. Goddamn catfight. They were in a deadlock, so I told them they should have a dance-off. Then they started some crazy dance, arms and legs flying every which way, faster and faster until the brunette had to drop out. I took the blonde back to my hotel room and she got all excited and took a bite out of my ass! I didn't want my wife to see that, so I threw her out of the room. Yeah, I did! Threw her right out!

■ *You want us to use this?*

■ I don't give a goddamn if you use it, it's the truth!

■ *Do you remember your first jump?*

■ Hell yes, I jumped over my dad. He was just standing there watering the lawn and I jumped over and landed on the front porch. I almost got killed.

■ *In the 70's, you and Muhammed Ali were the big sports superstars. What did you think of him?*

■ You mean Cassius Clay. Well at the time I thought he was pretty good, but look at him now. There's nothing to do but feel sorry for him, because nobody wants to talk to a punch-drunk, fuzzy-brained has-been. I may have broken every bone in my body six times, but I'm still sharp. Hell, I'm still smokin,' drinkin,' and whorin,' like I was nineteen again, and I'm forty-nine now. Plus, I made a movie and he didn't.

■ *Tell us about the movie.*

■ Turned to gold like everything else I marketed—Evel Knievel action dolls, Evel Knievel lunchboxes, Evel Knievel Halloween costumes, Evel Knievel pinball machines, Evel Knievel tricycles....

■ *Alright, alright....*

■ Anyway, that movie was for my millions of fans. It was a lousy movie—for starters, they should've got Paul Newman to play me instead of that jackass George Hamilton—but it was a way of saying "Thanks" to all the people who came out to root for me. And I made a cool million off it, to boot. They filmed it in Butte, and I got in so many fights while I was there that I finally had to leave. All these miserable, drunk, jealous nobodies kept coming down and telling me I was a nut and that I had a faggy jump

suit. I'd pound 'em. Get crazy and knock their fuckin' heads off. I knocked the head off a Hell's Angel once. I'll knock the head off any son-of-a-bitch who opens his mouth to me, and that includes you! *(takes a swing at me)*

■ *Take it easy, Evel. I need to know if you ever expected to make millions stunt riding?*

■ There was only three things I ever wanted to do in life: jump out of an airplane, drive at Indy, and make love to Marie Osmond. I haven't ridden at Indy



yet, but two out of three ain't bad.

■ *Do you want us to print that?*

■ You can print any goddamn thing I say.

■ *So what've you been doing since the Snake River fiasco?*

■ Taking it easy. I don't need to prove anything to anybody. I drove around the Southwest for a few years, visiting trailer parks and selling black velvet Indian paintings out of my Airstream. I must've met a hundred thousand little kids who knew who I was. I've had sportswriters calling me the greatest motorcycle jumper of all time for years, but all that don't mean half as much as when some runny-nosed little kid in some bum-fuck trailer park tells me he thinks I'm the greatest motorcycle jumper of all time. That gets me right here *(pats shirt pocket)*.

■ *After you broke your spine at the Cow Palace, you screamed to the TV cameras as you were being carried away on a stretcher, "I'll never jump again, and neither will my kids!" Not only did you keep jumping, but now your son is jumping, and you're his manager!*

■ Well, he wants to do it, and I've got to make sure he doesn't make the same mistakes I did. I didn't know what the hell I was doing, trying to fly a goddamn

motorcycle like a plane. But I'm making sure Robbie gets the best technology for his jumps. Aerodynamic woofers, hydraulic shoes, teflon suits, the whole works. I've always given him the best. Sure, when he was growing up I used to whup him with my custom silver-handled walking stick, just like anyone else would, but I always had time for him, no matter how famous I got. When I used to pop wheelies and give the thumbs up sign before I jumped and maybe splattered myself all over the ground, it wasn't just because I was a grandstander. It was for my wife and kids.

■ *After you lost your Chuckles candy endorsement when it became known that you beat your son with your walking stick, you said "Money can't raise a boy half as good as his dad can."*

■ I said it and I meant it. See, I'm a God-fearing man, and I believe raising my kids right is more important than making a lot of money. That's the only reason I've lasted so long—because I'm a God-fearing man and I live clean. No drugs, no cussin' around women, no drinking unless it's social.

■ *What do you think about that masked guy who wears all black and broke your motorhome jump record? He cleared 26 Winnebagos.*

■ Well he's good all right, but stupid. If he marketed himself right he'd be a millionaire, just like me. I was a real showman, buddy. All-American. I had my jumpsuits custom made, and it paid off. But this mystery guy, no one knows his name and no one wants to. So yeah, big deal, he jumped more motorhomes than me, but I'm loaded and he's nobody. I jumped all those motorhomes fifteen years ago and people still talk about it. He jumped less than a year ago and it's already yesterday's news. Anyway, my son Robbie is a better jumper already. He just made the jump at Caesar's Palace. Gary Wells tried it and ended up with his leg wrapped around his neck, and when I tried it they had to scrape me off the pavement with a spatula. I almost got killed.

■ *What are Robbie's long-term goals?*

■ To be more popular than his old man. Lotsa luck, I tell him.

■ *Is he going to go for the Snake River Canyon jump?*

■ There's been some talk of it but nothing has been finalized yet. When you're jumping you've got to concentrate on the jump immediately ahead of you and not worry about what's coming up. It's dangerous and I worry about him. I never wanted him to start motorcycle jumping, but if he's going to do it, he might as well do it right. There's no sense doing something half-assed. You got to go whole hog—you know what I mean?

■ *You bet, Evel. Keep on "truckin'."* ■

GOD BULLIES

FEAR AND PAIN AND ROCK AND ROLL



Kalamazoo, Michigan, ("the place where the water boils" in Pottawatomi) is the Stupid Capital Capital of the World. The second most obnoxious city in Western Michigan, Kalamazoo (pop. 79,722) was at one time known as the "Celery Capital of the World," the "Checker Cab Capital of the World," the "Guitar Capital of the World" (until the Gibson Co. plant moved to Nashville), and currently enjoys the status of being the "Hair Growth Tonic Capital of the World" (thanks to the Upjohn Corporation, makers of the recently FDA-approved anti-baldness drug, Rogaine).

Despite its various silly global titles, however, Kalamazoo has never been much of a music capital. Outside of the 1940's Glenn Miller hit "I Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," early 1980's noisemakers Violent Apathy and Strange Fruit, and the girl who used to go out with the lead guitarist in Mötörhölme, Kalamazoo has meant little more to the world of music than a bathroom pitstop halfway between Detroit and Chicago. That cold hard fact hasn't stopped the God Bullies (who live/love/laugh/loaf right in the heart of the 'zoo) from getting loud, touring the East Coast, and releasing two singles of super-fortified mulch, as well as a cassette, *The Plastic Eye Miracle*, and an LP entitled *Mamawombwomb*, due out imminently on Minneapolis' Amphetamine Reptile label.

"It's a nice place to work but I wouldn't want to live here," says ganglionic Bullies frontman Mike Hard (of course that's his real name), former business administration major and proprietor of Lizards and Mice, a used clothes store that doubles as the band's recording studio. "Kalamazoo has all the problems of a big city and none of the benefits," adds very serious distorto-guitar guy David Livingstone, "Detroit is a comparative

paradise. The crack scene's really happening here. This guy got nine bullets from an Uzi about a block from my old house."

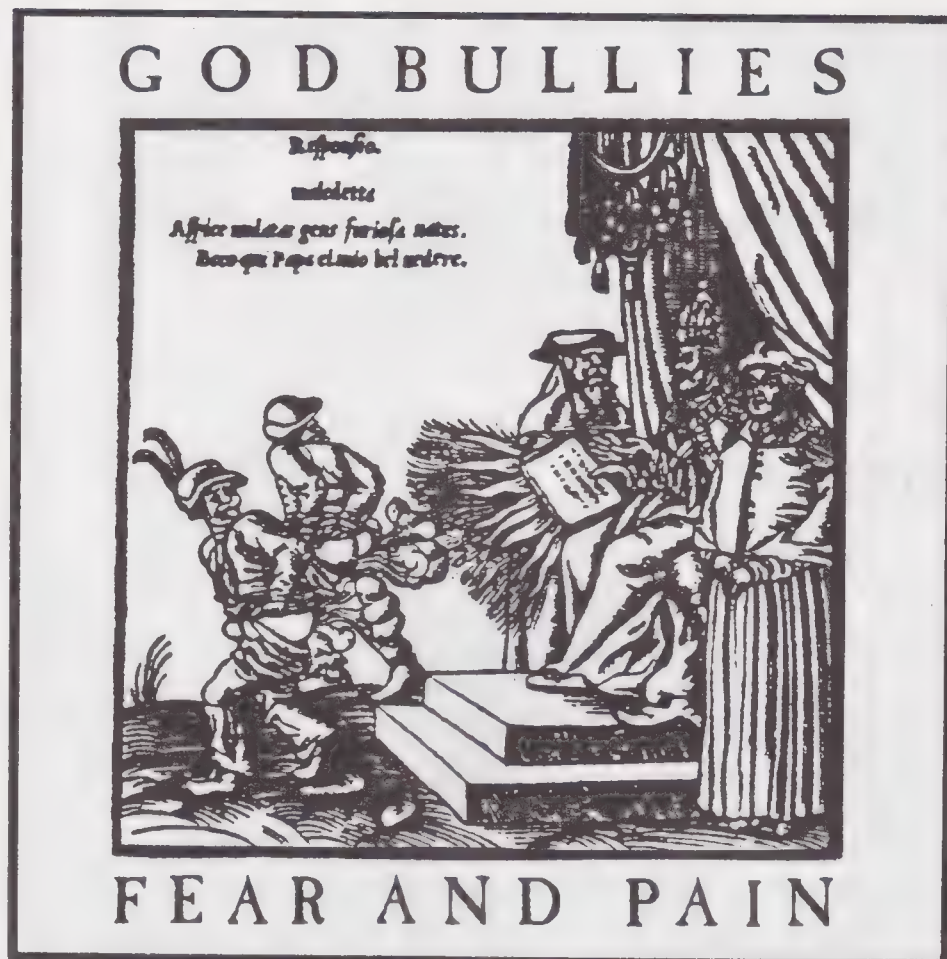
Back before the neighborhood went all to hell, Hard put in the requisite stints with early '80s hardcore bands the Virelles (an updated version of the Virelles' "Mussolini," shows up on the second *Dope Guns and Fucking...* comp) and Debauched (featuring future Bullies drummer Adam Berg), then dropped out of Western Michigan University and split to Texas, where he and Bullies bassmaster-to-be Mike "he's getting fatter every day" Corso got a job installing every last seat in the 104,001-capacity Houston Astrodome. While in Houston they formed a band called Necktie Party, which they had to rename "God Bullies" when they came back north, since references to God are okay in Kalamazoo but Texas slang expressions are strictly *verboten*. Hard, Corso and Berg jammed and tripped heavily with acid-guru guitarist Tommy Shannon during the long summer of woo in '86, then in early '87 added Livingstone, an alumnus of Detroit's Freezer Theater and co-architect of noise-tape project Nerve. Yearning to move to New York City and produce industrial-disco music, Shannon left the band, allowing them to drop the spacey effects, get their act together and rock.

"Dave came along and gave us more direction," says Hard, "He gives us our logic. If it were up to us, we'd probably take drugs every night. We know we can do alright doing that, but when you're high it's hard to know if you're getting your point across."

Hard claims the band has no message, but he's lying. After the God Bullies were featured in a local production of Georg Buchner's play *Woyzeck*—the band supplied music while neophyte actor Hard was given the title role—Hard began taking pains to make sure his drift was getting caught. "The theater helped me a lot in terms of me getting my point across on stage. I learned how to use my body and my eyes, and I'm much more aware of what I'm doing. It's more effective. Before I would just go all out—drop a hit of acid, go totally fucking wild and hope everyone got the point. But they usually didn't."

"We're all basically just naked people."

Things can get pretty damned theatrical during a typical God Bullies set, as the band frequently whips out props like Bacchian masks, wooly chaps, boas, plastic petunias, strobe lights, and floral dresses—anything to hammer their "Fear-and-Pain-and-I-want-my-Mommy" raps home. "I've been known to not wear anything on stage," says Hard, "but we don't do that anymore because people totally misconstrue it as something sexual. It's not about sex, it's about nakedness. It's about the nakedness of being vulnerable, of opening up totally and not caring what kind of clothes you have on. It's not about standing up there groping with this huge hard-on. Yeah, we do



The frank depiction of flatulence on the cover of the second God Bullies single got it pulled from several West Michigan record stores.

songs where I grope myself and they definitely have sexual overtones, but by the time we get to that we're saying things like 'sex is dirty.'"

"After our show at Maxwell's in New York, Charlie from ADC walked backstage and told me I should pick up this fuckin' leather G-string with studs and a big ol' rhino horn attached to it, so that when I take off my clothes I'll be very impressive sexually. I just walked away from him. He didn't understand the whole fuckin' reason why I got to that point. After that I borrowed a pair of Corso's underwear and started wearing them onstage. They're like size 34 waist white BVDs and they're like a big diaper. There's something about a pair of men's white BVDs about three sizes too big that make you seem vulnerable."

"Our whole fuckin' country has sexuality misconstrued into where it's about having a big cock or having big boobs or being beautiful or having Farrah Fawcett hair, when actually it's nothing like that at all. Sex is very simple. Anyone can do it. It's a very basic, simple function that gets totally exploited. Not only do they make money off it, but they make people feel bad about it, and then by exploiting those guilt feelings they can make even more money off it. If everyone walked around naked, I don't think they could exploit sex."

Fully clothed, the band has time to rehearse and record almost every evening, one advantage to living in a locale where the rent

is low enough to meet without working around the clock. Outside of a few setbacks—the van caught fire on tour somewhere in Pennsylvania, Mike's prized Linda Lovelace beefy-T was ruined in a spray paint fight with drug-addled Cure fans in D.C., the drum set got trashed in Chicago when Hard got dizzy and fell while wearing a big cow head, and the band's recording equipment was electrocuted when their house was struck by lightning ("An act of God," says Livingstone), —the God Bullies are making things go their way, and it won't be too many months before they get out of Kalamazoo for good.

What if the band gets popular? "I'll get shot. I'll be dead. I don't think we'll ever get popular," says Hard. "I'm pretty much a fatalist." ■



THE LURKING ENERGIES OF DUSAN MAKAVEJEV

A CANDID INTERVIEW
BY DANNY PLOZNICK



Imagine, if you will, Tuli Kupferberg, hirsute East Village gadfly and driving force behind the Fugs, prowling the streets of New York dressed in cammies and brandishing a mock M-16 rifle. He stalks blue-suited businessmen. He

confronts blue-faced cops. He cavorts with blue-haired old ladies. He dances, prances, and romances with the gun, all to the blaring tune of the Fugs' "Kill For Peace."

Welcome to just a tiny corner of the

wacked-out film world of controversial Yugoslavian filmmaker Dusan Makavejev. Makavejev may be best known to mall rats with video club memberships for his 1985 Hollywood film *The Coca Cola Kid*, starring Eric Roberts, but for those with a more daring film sense, his 1971 opus *W.R.: Mysteries of the Organism*, stands as a landmark subversive film, both politically and stylistically. Makavejev's early work is noted for the collision of seemingly-unrelated "strands" of film, an interaction that multiplies the meaning that one strand alone could not provide. *W.R.* (which stands for both "Wilhelm Reich" and "World Revolution") is a series of almost totally different sub-films spliced into a single cinematic collage, containing (are you ready for this?): a documentary on infamous psychologist Wilhelm Reich, which includes interviews with Reich's son Peter, associate Myron Sharaf, and practicing Reichean doctors Baker, Lowen, and Ollendorf, plus a visit to Dr. Lowen's biogenetic workshop; a documentary on the 1960's counterculture movement, featuring interviews with *Screw Magazine* editor Tim Buckley, transvestite Jackie Curtis, sculptor Nancy Godfrey, and street thespian Kupferberg; a narrative storyline filmed in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, in which a comrade named Milena, whose politics are an uneasy mix of both Reich and Lenin (believing the October Revolution failed because Lenin did not espouse free sex), falls in love with a visiting Soviet figure-skating champion named Vladimir Illyich, a party-line Communist who scoffs at Reich's ideas; clips from Nazi medical experimentation films that depict force feedings and shock treatments; explicit love-making scenes from a sex-documentary; and footage from *The Vow*, a 1946 Socialist Realist film from the Soviet Union featuring a Joseph Stalin impersonator. (Socialist Realist films were the only kinds of films produced throughout the Eastern Bloc during Stalin's rule. The plot lines were usually some variation of boy meets tractor, falls in love, state prospers, or boy meets cement factory, falls in love, state prospers.) Characters from one section never enter any other section of the film, yet all these strands are interwoven in such a way that the incidents in each subplot affect the way one views the other segments of the film.

W.R.: MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM

■ **MOTORBOOTY:** In *WR*, what kind of reactions did you get from passers-by when Tuli Kupferberg was running around the streets of New York?

■ **DUSAN MAKEVEJEV:** People were just

laughing. What you see on the screen is the reaction. Nobody did anything against us. I think that in America, when you are with a camera in a public place, people generally just act normal. It's your right to shoot.

■ *Were those scenes scripted at all?*

■ No, it was all done as improvisation. We were shooting for about four weeks and I spent about three weeks talking with different Reicheans and filming Dr. Lowen's biogenetic workshop. We went to see the prison in which Reich died. This was not heavily scripted, but planned. I knew what I wanted to do. We had a lot of nice footage about the so-called American Culture of Orgonomy. There were about a dozen doctors who were working with Reich. They were terribly right wing, pro-war in Vietnam, etc. They told me I could use the material only if I didn't do anything with Doctor Lowen. They were very worried. I think that he was too popular for them. They thought he was selling Reich, making it more marketable. Lowen had these workshops with these crowds doing biogenetic work on each other, and this is something the AMA would not permit. It's unprofessional. You have to be a masseur or a physiotherapist or a chiropractor to touch the patient. So I got nice material with them. Then I got Lowen's workshop which was so good and interesting that I dropped the American Culture of Orgonomy footage in the editing stage.

■ *How did Dr. Lowen react to being painted in a light not as flattering as he had hoped?*

■ He was very cooperative, but when he saw the film I think he was quite scared of some parts. He sued us because he was afraid the film would be considered pornographic. We got a subpoena a few days before the film was supposed to be shown at the New York Film Festival. In spite of the fact that I had releases from his patients and himself, we were obliged to go to court. We were afraid—myself, the distributor, the film festival people. Fortunately the judge, a Puerto Rican, liked the movie. He started laughing when the Russian ice skating champion comes in the house and Milena and Jagoda say, "Are you Lithuanian or Jewish?" and he says, "Jew or Lithuanian? Oh no!" The judge started laughing like crazy and we knew we were all right. At the end of the screening the judge said the film was nice, case dismissed. After that Lowen was not hostile to the film. I believe lots of people who worked with Lowen liked the film, although one of Lowen's patients wrote a huge one-page article in the New York Times against us, against the film. Lowen was portrayed nicely so he was not complaining about himself, but about how his work was portrayed. The footage of the mass workshop with people screaming looks quite strong. To people who don't know, it has a negative impact. He was



"Fuck merrily and without fear!" Comrade Milena exhorts the workers in a scene from W.R.

afraid he would be associated with some other parts of the film.

■ *What were the reactions of the people from Screw Magazine and Jackie Curtis, the transvestite?*

■ Most of them were friendly. After we did the shooting with the Reicheans and Reich's family we had three days to wait before we'd be getting film from the lab in New York. So we thought we'd do a little more because we still had some stock. So I called Tuli Kupferberg and we got him to be with us one day and do his street theatre. In the beginning of the film I wanted Tuli to ride a white horse down Fifth Avenue dressed as Fidel Castro, carrying a red flag and proclaiming "From this moment on we are all members of the Sexual Liberation Front. If you don't subscribe to our policy

of freedom, leave the theater immediately. You know we are all accomplices." He told me that he didn't want to carry any flag, not even a red one, so there was nothing prepared for him in the film. I was just choosing places and he would do little things—his own numbers. It was all done by him. There was some collaboration, but basically it was very loosely directed. We also got Jackie Curtis to be with us one day. Rita, another man who was like Jackie's girlfriend, came by accident. They were eating ice cream and talking and we drove them up Park Avenue. We just moved around, went to several parks and Jackie talked more. So one day of shooting with Jackie, one day with Tuli, and one day with *Screw*. At *Screw*, Editor Tim Buckley showed me his plaster penis, and



WILHELM REICH, THE ORGONE MARTYR

In the 1960s, Wilhelm Reich and his explorations into matters of orgone energy were not only hot topics in dry psychoanalytic journals, but also amongst the nation's young, hip, and horny. Oddly enough, today so few know who Reich was you could probably pick up an orgone accumulator for pretty cheap at a garage sale. Reich, a prominent psychoanalyst and biophysicist, was born in Vienna in 1897 and moved to the United States in 1939. In Vienna, he was a pupil of Freud, but he later broke with Freud and the psychoanalytic movement. According to Reich's theories, the universe is permeated by a primal, mass-free phenomenon called orgone energy that is released during sexual relations. To Reich, sexual repression was not only the cause of various individual psychoses, but also the cause for such physical illnesses as cancer and political maladies like fascism and totalitarianism. Naturally, the American government viewed him as a crackpot Commie sex-freak. Alleging that Reich's lab was an orgy-palace, the FDA ultimately brought him to court on trumped-up charges regarding his orgone accumulator, a wooden box inside of which couples were supposed to copulate in order to restore orgone energy. Reich was convicted and jailed at Lewisburg Prison in Pennsylvania, where he died in 1957.

explained what it was. I said that's great, can we reconstruct it? He said "Why not?" So he called sculptor Nancy Godfrey, we paid her seventy-five bucks, and got to film the making of a plaster sculpture of Tim Buckley's penis.

■ What was your pitch to some of the other people to convince them to appear in this film? How much did you reveal to Dr. Lowen

about other strands of the film in which he was not participating?

■ Basically I told him that I was doing a film dedicated to Reich and that I was talking to relatives and collaborators of Reich and that it would be a feature length film. I probably told him I was doing a documentary and maybe later I would do something fictional. I don't remember how detailed I was, but I didn't lie.

What I planned to do if I got very good material and if people were totally against being in anything that was fiction, was to make a documentary, or even a documentary that I would separate from the fictional parts. So I would have a documentary within the larger whole. I would put a separate title to keep people protected. It's really important to be honest when you work with people—you can't lie to them. Maybe you just don't reveal everything.

■ How was the film received in the U.S., USSR, and Yugoslavia at the time?

■ It was generally received with huge enthusiasm in Cannes, and Cannes means forty or fifty countries showing movies. It was really kind of explosive. Only at the New York Film Festival did we have hostility. There was a big discussion with Reicheans. Tuli was defending the film and some Reicheans were attacking the film. It was very loud. The New York Times wrote seven times about the film. People around Dr. Baker who worked with Reich daily were quite hostile against us, and the group around Dr. Lowen was very angry, but Reich's family was friendly. Myron Sharaf came from Boston and liked the movie, and Reich's son Peter came to Cannes in May and liked the movie. So we had 50-50 support of the people around Reich. Actually, when Reich died they were all split. They didn't talk to each other until I appeared ten years later. Many of them only started talking when we appeared and started doing interviews. They were so shocked by Reich's death and so hurt, that many people never talked to anybody else from the circle.

In Russia, quite a while after Cannes, there was one very hostile article in the main intellectual weekly. A few weeks after that, the campaign started in Yugoslavia against the film using the same words from the article in Moscow. So it was not initially starting from Yugoslavia, but from Moscow. The film was stopped and I was almost sent to jail. Lots of people who supported the film were blacklisted. Both the trade people and the press in Yugoslavia were very positive until the political attack started. Then people started wavering.

■ Did that make you angry that your home country banned the film on the morning of it's first public screening after Cannes?

■ Sure. It was very painful. The situation in the country was moving to the right. Between '71 and '73 a lot of people were

protecting me, but suddenly I could not work. The film was very successful everywhere, but it could not affect the situation in the country. The film led a double life. All the prints were sent from Yugoslavia. The film was banned, but people from the industry were just stealing the film and they were not stopped.

■ So you were getting a lot of support from the film industry in Yugoslavia?

■ Kind of undercover. It was not totally open.

■ Did you find any restrictions making films, political or otherwise, in those times in Yugoslavia?

■ I could not do films anymore, but they didn't take my passport away. I was free to travel, so I moved to Paris, but I was blacklisted for seven years.

LOVE AFFAIR

W.R. stands as Makavejev's most revered work, but it was an earlier film, *Love Affair*, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator (1967), that first found him experimenting with the notion of collision. The film contains three strands: a discourse by a professional sexologist, during which he displays prints, plates, and drawings of sexual dalliance which bear striking resemblances to poses struck in the narrative strand; a lecture given by a Belgrade criminologist who presents his lab and police photos of mutilated bodies that also compositionally match scenes in the narrative strand; and the story of the love affair between a female switchboard operator and a rat exterminator, whose relationship ends with her floating at the bottom of a well, apparently murdered.

■ MAKAVEJEV: In *Love Affair* I decided to do something more experimental, more contemporary and less political. But I kept the same thing that I had in mind when I did my first film. I wanted to do something similar to what novelist John Dos Passos did in 1919, which means having several parallel stories intercut with some newsreels, some clippings and stories about things that are happening around people who are leading characters.

People take a lot of pride in what they do. When you come with a curious camera to help record what people do, you get these incredible, beautiful, almost poem-like chunks of life that are quite technically elaborate. I found that you can get a lot of mileage out of just curiosity.

Looking for material, I went to the local police and I asked them about their most famous cases in Belgrade. They gave me all these files of pictures of anonymous corpses and they showed me

how they looked for identity. One of the most interesting cases they had was the case of the so-called Roman Well. There was a school excursion, a boy drowned in the well, the fireman came to fish out the body and they fished out a woman. She had been floating for three months on the bottom of this well, undiscovered until they came to look for this boy. I said, "Did you get the boy out?" and they said, "Yes." And I said, "Did you look for more bodies?" And they said, "No, why?" Maybe there was someone else floating down there. How do you know there were only two corpses? I was really excited with this idea that you always look for something and you discover something else. And a similar thing happened to me when I was doing *Man is Not A Bird* (1966). There's a scene about some travelling circus artists, and one of them was eating snakes—non-poisonous water



snakes. He and his pregnant wife would play at eating the snakes, and the snakes would come out of their mouths. So I made a deal with him to see him one morning at a local hotel to discuss his participation in the movie. He comes impeccably dressed—white shirt and tie. And we're talking, and suddenly I realize that nobody's in his room, and maids are cleaning rooms, so where are the snakes? So I said, "Where do you keep your snakes? Are they alone in your room?" And he said, "No, I would never let them be alone." And he unbuttons his shirt and they're all sleeping in his armpit; they like warm places. Since then, I said to myself, "You never know who has a frog in his pocket."

■ *At the end of Love Affair, Sweet Movie (1974) and Montenegro (1981), the dead characters come back to life in some sort of postscript. What's that all about?*

■ I just found that that works nice.

■ *Is it sort of saying "this is just a movie?"*

■ Could be. That's just one explanation. But it seems to me it's even a little more. I don't know exactly what it is. When you do flash forwards, you can do flashbacks too. And once you establish the different time codes for the films, then you can get these timeless shots like at the end of *Love Affair*. You get the two lovers

happily going down the stairs. It looks like a postcard of beauty and happiness, unrelated to anything because it's not from anyplace else in the film. During the shoot we found these great stairs and we said 'let's make a nice shot.' So we got a nice shot that was useless. It could not be plugged in. Then I discovered that at the end it would lie very well, because I had this piece of music going on and it fit very very well at the end. So it was like a little vignette that was breaking up these flash forward things, but it was not necessarily a flashback. It was like a final coda.

■ *Without that scene the movie would be extremely depressing because she's dead and he's going to go to jail for a crime he didn't commit.*

■ It makes it look positive. The music is very positive. Even though Ahmed (the rat exterminator) is arrested, you get the feeling life goes on. Actually, life doesn't go on for both of them. He's in jail, she's dead. But the mood of the piece is "life goes on and we are happy." So if you think about it, you see that it's terribly paradoxical. The last shot is totally illogical. Their love is finished and their lives are destroyed, but somebody else is happy—there's another couple that is happy at this moment.

Even though you may initially organize the material in chronological order, it doesn't necessarily have to appear that way in the film. You have scenes that you perceive as special segments in the lives of the characters, and those scenes stand outside chronological order. Then you have parts that are timeless, like the speeches of the sexologist and the criminologist. Their speeches are not really related to the story. They are not defined in time and they're not related space-wise to the story. They're not even related storywise. They appear almost randomly, but of course they are related globally. So it means they have different time connections and construction than other parts. I've found it very productive to have different time molds within different sections within the film.

■ *It seems like there are a lot of these visual matches between some of the scenes chronicling everyday life and scenes with the criminologist and the sexologist. Is that a way to tie these everyday occurrences to something more global?*

■ Well, the lectures by the sexologist and the criminologist make you look differently at whatever the actors do. It seems as if they're put on stage and you can watch them. You're asked not to watch their story, but instead you're given a subliminal message like "be an anthropologist." Watch their body language, see how they eat, see how they look at each other, see what's happening. It's not really Brechtian. I think the Brechtian touch is not tender. Brecht



Banned for obscenity, Sweet Movie featured a love and death scene which took place on a bed of sugar.

always breaks away from the fiction and says, "Hey, it's a story, but real life is a fight and struggle—it's class struggle." That's Brecht. Here it's removal or a kind of voyeuristic ingredient. I think I get a kind of loving alienation. It does not come with the sort of hostility that I think Brecht has against fiction. It's a kind of tender look—a look that's not destroying the fictionality of it, or even enjoying the fictionality of it. It's just another way of looking. On the other hand, certain scenes with Ahmed and Isabella remain in chronological order and have their own space. You don't see them as actors performing even though you know they're actors performing. So if the Brechtian approach is a 100% removal from fiction, I would say this is like 50% removal—partial removal where you have this strange overlapping of two worlds.

MONTENEGRO

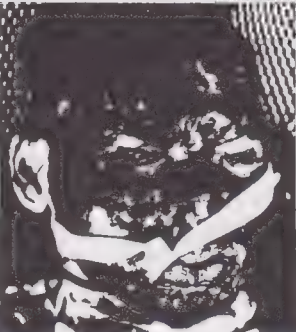
In Montenegro, Susan Anspach plays a suburban housewife fed up with her humdrum lifestyle. On a whim, she heads to the airport hoping to join her husband on a business trip. She misses the flight and gets mixed up with a Yugoslav family who offer to give her a ride home. They end up back at "Zanzibar"—a Yugo oasis of sorts where goats roam free and brothers stab each other in the head for cheating at cards. At first Anspach is repulsed and distressed, but then...

■ *Why the seven-year layoff between Sweet Movie and Montenegro?*

■ Well, my not being able to film in Yugoslavia caused many people in the industry to view me differently. If you don't have a country they're afraid of you because you can sign a contract, take money and disappear. You're a gypsy to them. So I found some of the conventional part of the industry being cooler. Before that, in Yugoslavia there were always offers from German television

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and others. I remember many offers coming after *W.R.* Also, many people who were friendly to me were replaced. For example, in Germany, all the T.V. stations that had supported the film were run by socialists, and they were replaced by right-wingers. Suddenly all these educated people were replaced by right-wingers or religious people, so the whole industry stopped putting money into anything that was experimental. So, the whole general trend became colder.

The person who produced *Montenegro* always wanted to help me. I also got a friend from London to put up some cash, and the producer got Stockholm to put up some cash and got Europa Studio to put up some cash and got the Swedish government to put up some cash, so the producer got all that together. Initially, Zanzibar was not as Yugoslavian as it became, but somehow I married the Swedish ingredients and the Yugoslavian ingredients using an American actress as a kind of common denominator, a unifying force. And the same thing happened later with *The Coca Cola Kid*. I got Australian money and support., and had the central character be an American who was kind of a common character for all of us—

somebody who comes and creates problems or comedy.

■ *With The Coca Cola Kid and Montenegro there is a dramatic shift stylistically from your earlier films. Why?*

■ It was the trend everywhere—in Sweden as well as the States, Germany, anyplace. Experimental film was out. So it didn't happen only with me. If you remember, in the '60s mainstream cinema became very experimental, with Mike Nichols, Sam Peckinpah, *The Graduate*, *Carnal Knowledge*, *Easy Rider*, and *Bonnie and Clyde*—no happy endings, and the use of slow motion. A lot of directors started making scrambled stories. So it all happened three or four years after I did *Love Affair*. I was quite experimental and a lot of people became experimental, but they all moved back to the mainstream. It took me a little longer to find my own way to the mainstream.

■ *Do you think that someone who likes The Coca Cola Kid might find W.R. a reprehensible movie?*

■ Well, *W.R.* became a cult movie and it's history now. There are not too many people seeing it, so whoever sees it sees it for its own experimental quality. They know about the importance of the movie. It's like, established. Some people still get upset with *Sweet Movie*. But with *Coca Cola Kid* I got literally millions of new viewers. A hundred thousand cassettes were sold. I discovered a lot of people in Houston or Denver, even in New York or L.A., many people who had never heard of me before seeing *Coca Cola Kid*. It played a lot of cable, as did *Montenegro*. So it's a completely new public. I got a lot of respect and support and a kind of curiosity from large new segments of the viewing public. Completely different people—unpolitical people. It's not political anymore.

■ *But do you think about how those people would react to W.R.?*

■ No, I don't think about it. But very often when people see old films they come back and say "You did a great movie, it's a pity we didn't know about you." Backwards people are ready to discover, and obviously they don't discover me just for superficial comedy. They like this quirkiness, this kind of mixture of something that looks like a normal comedy with lurking energies below it or beyond.

"As we know, life is a terminal thing. So it seems that stories—especially if you take fairy tales—always have these awful deaths that help the liveliness of the tale. In the beautiful gingerbread house, you need this ugly woman to bake these two kids to enjoy the household...and the story."

—Dusan Makavejev

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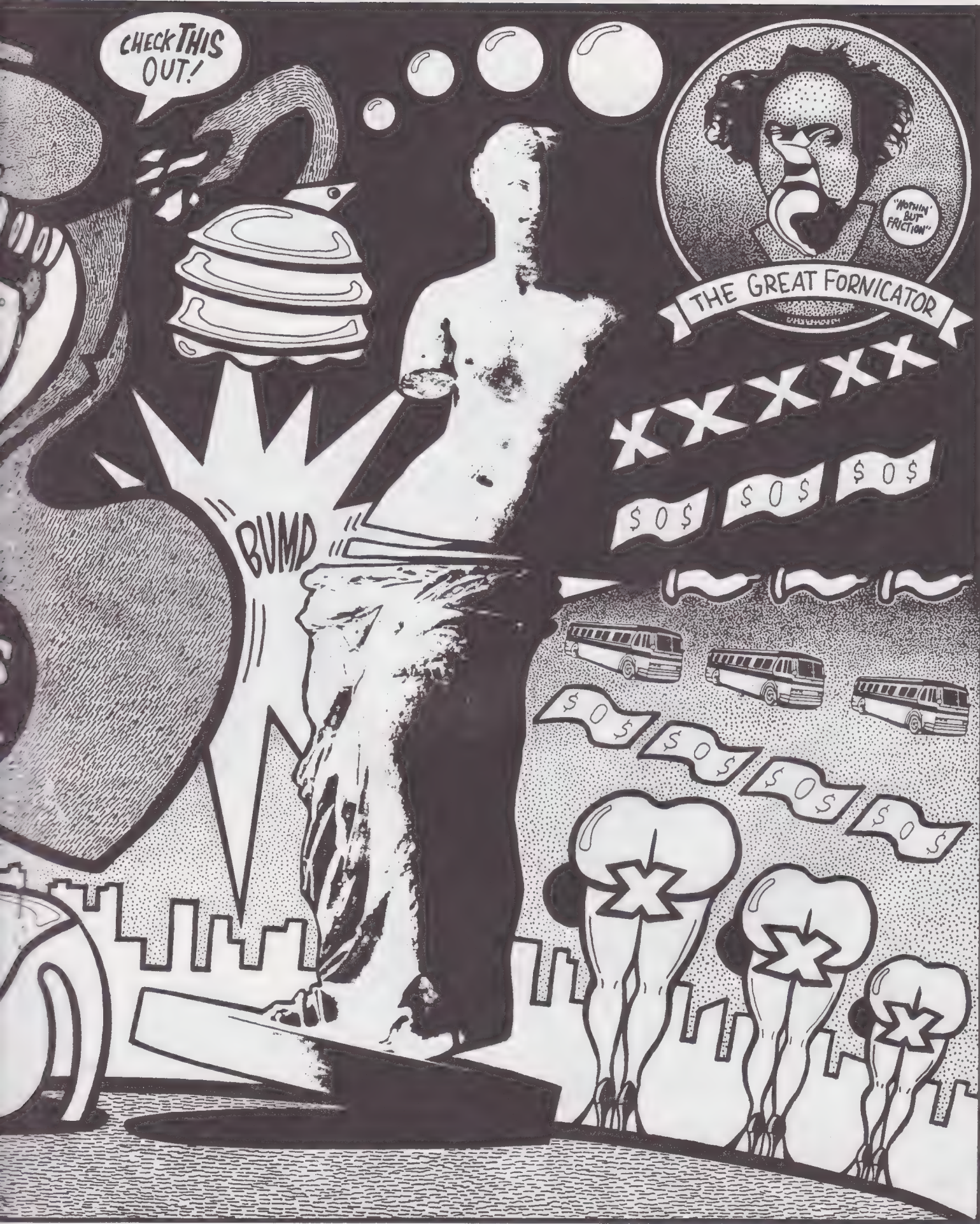
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FUNKADELIC

From the late '60s up until the dawn of the '80s, George Clinton and the afonauts known as Funkadelic burned some serious tail as one of the hardest rockin' groups of all time, black or white. From late '50s New Jersey roots as a routine doo-wop group, the band made a mid-'60s move to Detroit, eventually discovering the joys of LSD, Vanilla Fudge, and the Stooges, electrifying their sound, and becoming the heaviest, funniest, free-est, and least predictable outfit in the rock and roll universe. Due to a variety of complex legal donnybrooks, the "Parliafunkadelicment Thang" developed a Sybil-like personality split, signing to the fly-by-night Invictus label (and later to Casablanca) as Parliament, and to Detroit's small Westbound label (and later to Warner Brothers) as Funkadelic. Despite having essentially the same members, the two bands quickly strayed down divergent paths: Parliament as the most whacked-out posse of low-budget sci-fi bottom-heavy motherfunkers the world had ever seen, laying down brassy, expansive grooves that gave ol' George lots of room to assault some of his multifarious conceptual nemesi (e.g., cloning, mind control, etc.) and spreading epidemics of spontaneous combustion 'cross dancefloors nationwide; Funkadelic, on the other pinky-ringed hand, staying close to the street, with git-man Eddie Hazel's meltin' gobs of bigmuff-bad-trip lysergia leading the band's rock and roll depth charge straight into the pitch-black chasm of inner-city hysteria. Slutty, sleazy, seedy, and seemy, Funkadelic's metal-laden garage funk stands as some of the most inspired, inspiring, and uninhibited rock spew ever committed to vinyl. With the impending re-release of all the Westbound material on (the aurally perfect but theoretically distasteful) compact disc, we here in Motorbooty City feel the time is ripe for an opinionated overview of Funkadelic's long string of (mostly) fantastic plastic.

The Westbound Years (1970 — 1976) By Rob Michaels

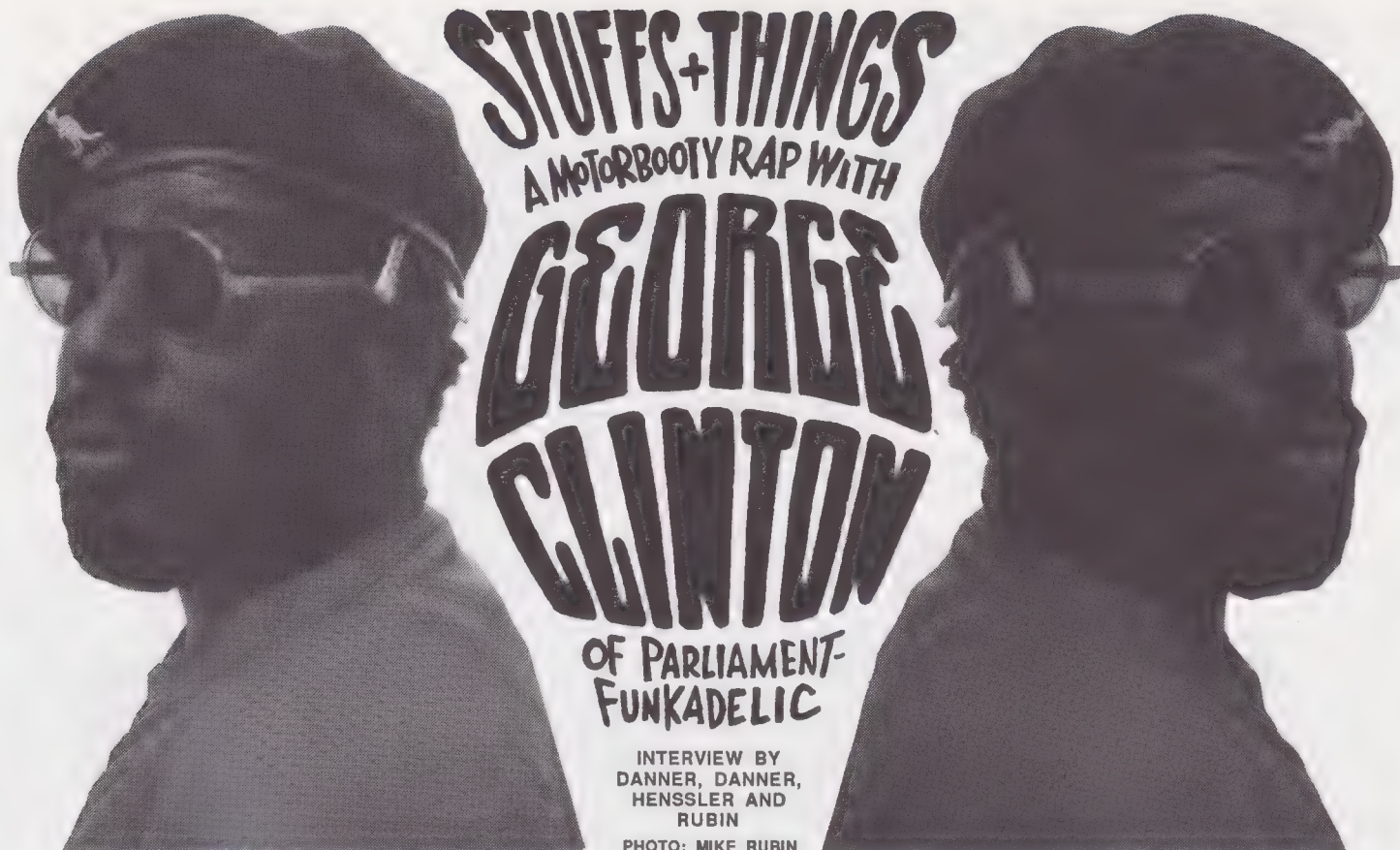
Funkadelic (1970) Even in '89, you just gotta say "what the fuck?": when George Clinton asks you to loan him your funky mind so he can play with it ("cause nothing is good unless you play with it, and all that is good is nasty"), you'd have to be an honestagoodness stupe to turn him down. Loose, hypnotic, inner-city acid-washed Detroit River delta blooze that comes eerily slippin' and slidin' out of the Motor City's densest industrial backwoods like *Gris-Gris* gumbo ya-ya, *Funkadelic* sounds as perfectly anomalous today as it did back in 1970. The atmosphere is bleak but funky, with simple, skeletal skin-beats; staggering, ghostly choruses; deep, dope-drenched organ chords; moaning, apocalyptic mouth harp of near-"Gimme Shelter" proportions; and Eddie Hazel's guitar strings slashing like so many broken bottles of Wild Irish Rose. The fact that Miss Michaels served seven-yr old me Lucky Charms while I grooved to the mellow strains of "Mommy, What's A Funkadelic?" (first line: "If you will suck my soul, I will lick your funky emotions") may have caused long-lasting psychosexual fallout, but it seriously took me til just recently to

discover how solid this LP really is. The obvious standout is the stalking, obsessive, shade-march "I'll Bet You" (featuring the most bone-chilling pre-gr. solo shriek since "T.V. Eye"), considered by many to be the finest P-Funk creation of all time, but you'd also do much wrong to miss twisted gems like "I Got A Thing, You Got A Thing, Everybody's Got A Thing" (viciously bombastic E. Hazel wah-wah action, Fuzzy Haskins kindly requesting that everyone get together and do our thing(s) to help each other); "Music For My Mother" (super-creepy harmonica-fueled Dee-troit Everglades swamp blues); "What Is Soul?" (hilarious/disturbing mock-testifying about how soul is "a joint rolled in toilet paper," etc.); and "Good Old Music" (Jungle Bros. stole the drum beat for "Jimbrowski" and with damn good reason). Too bad this thing is harder to find than the cat's pajamas, 'cause if you're anything like me, it fits even better (tho' you may hafta occasionally empty its litterbox).

Free Your Mind And Your Ass Will Follow (1970) I don't know what happened between the recording of these two LPs but it must have included some ugly experiences with capitalism and spirituality, 'cause this is by far the most caustic, disillusioned LP that Clinton has ever had his name on. Jagged slices of searing hostility jerk back and forth between yer speakers with pissed, lysergic

continued on page 48





Plain and simple, George Clinton is a genius, and I don't mean some antiseptic automaton crunching numbers and punching keys — I mean a certified Grade A government-rejected Blakian visionary with an unfettered but unselfconscious commitment to intuitively exploring every square inch of emotional, imaginative, and otherwise mysterious pro-life beezwax that he manages to lay his hands on. He is the grand poohbah of letting it all hang out, and unlike just about anyone else in rockdom or beyond, even when the stuff that hangs out don't smell real good, it somehow manages to feel just right. George isn't afraid to indulge — to pick up the mud-covered ball of God-knows-what and run with the Christ-forsaken-thing 'til something tells him he should stop — but he usually knows when not to, always transcending the conspiratorial anti-funk forces that keep all us meaner folks drowning in our own shit and pimping Mother Nature to bankroll our voluminous sins of selfhood. He knows that to try to hard is to necessarily fail and thus doesn't have to waste his precious time convincing people how smart, crazy, weird, clever, angry, zany, warm, sexy, or wicked he sometimes always is. In short, George funk, therefore he am, and I will forever be grateful for it.

— Rob Michaels

R & B Skeletons in the Closet

Back in New Jersey, we hung out all day at a barbershop. We were in the business of being cool, and making people look cool. We all had Cadillacs before we were 16. When the '60s came along, we looked at the hippies and how their rock groups acted and dressed, and we said, 'Wow, so that's what's cool,' and we realized we didn't have to wear the pressed suits and look slick all the time, and it gave us a whole lot more freedom.

I knew that the Temptations and the Pips had their type of thing wrapped up—the choreography, the outfits, the tight routines. So we decided we had to go to the other side and be the bad boys of the whole thing. Instead of wearing the suits we'd just gotten pressed, we'd wear the bags they came back from the cleaners in. We'd just bust holes where the legs and arms would go. If we were on the road and we didn't have a costume, I'd take

a sheet from the hotel and just dump whatever I had around on it.

Bernie Worrell, Tiki Fulwood, Billy Nelson, Eddie Hazel, Tawl Ross — all of them were like little young kids in the neighborhood, just learning to play their axes, and since we were a doo-wop group, and they wouldn't have to play a lot, we took them along as the back-up band. They were like our little brothers. Later on, we had label problems, and we lost the rights to use the Parliaments name, so we changed the name to Funkadelic. For legal purposes, we brought those guys out front, and we became their back-up singers. They were the ones on the album covers, but we basically did the same things as we always did on stage.

P. vs. Funk

I knew when we were starting out with Funkadelic that what we were doing wouldn't be accepted for 10 or 15 years. We were sitting down having a laugh about that the other day. We were the only ones doing it, we didn't have any competition, so were able to survive. Plus, we came from doo-wop, which we knew was going to be all over anyway, so we didn't feel like we were taking that much of a chance by doing something different. We didn't expect what we were doing to be accepted all of a sudden, because even white rock and rollers were catching hell then. To think that we were going to do it any faster, playing psychedelic music sort of like Jimi Hendrix, but with like ten niggers up there on stage, not just one up there that you have to worry about, for white folks to worry about, but ten of us up there, we didn't expect to go over right away. That's why we kept Parliament around, so we could always have a group that would be heard out there, like Earth, Wind, and Fire or the Ohio Players.

Parliament was the glitter, the commercial, and Funkadelic was the loose, the harsh. We'd take a couple tabs of acid and play whatever we wanted. Parliament was more vocal, more disco with horns, and a bit more conservative. Funkadelic was more guitars — no horns, more free-form feelings, and more harsh and

wild. Sometimes there was an overlap, but generally Funkadelic got more pussy than Parliament.

Everybody on the road wants to be out front — even the roadies, the light people, everybody has some kind of deep-down desire to be on stage. In order to keep everybody happy, and to give them some kind of dream, we let them all be musicians for themselves — Eddie Hazel, Bernie Worrell, the Horny Horns, the Brides of Funkenstein, the Parlets. Plus, it helped pay for the band. We'd give them their own shot, their own record deal and enough room to accomodate them so that they could participate in something else other than just being on salary, but it was always hard, because people always want more people involved. Like right now, we're about to go to Japan, but we've got more people who want to go than can go.

Motorbooty City

The MC5 and the Stooges were our favorite bands at one point. We even shared the same management, DMA, Diversified Management. One time, as a promotional gimmick, they said that Iggy Pop and I were going to get married. Us, the Stooges, the MC5, and Ted Nugent and the Amboy Dukes used to all play the same shows, the same college towns together. One time on a plane ride back from New York, we almost got arrested with the MC5. They were getting up out of their seats, running around, partying, smoking joints. The MC5 were all into acting like a gang, you know, like strutting around, screaming things out of windows, messing with the cops. They were younger than we were — we were already in our mid-twenties. At the time we looked real wild — I had a star on one side of my head, a moon on the other, and a dick right down the middle — but we'd already been in gangs, back in Plainfield, and we knew better than to fuck with the cops. We were doing the same things they were doing, but they could get away with it, 'cause they were white.

If Stevie Wonder wants to run for mayor of Detroit, that's fine. I'd vote for him. But I wouldn't run for mayor. It's a no-win situation. Public office is too much involved with big business. To be a politician, you have to prove to big business that you can make money for them, that it will be beneficial for them to have you in office.

Flavor Flav vs. the Placebo Syndrome

"Free your mind and your ass will follow, the Kingdom of Heaven is within." Yeah, that line has been belittled. The power of all things is within us, but you lose that idea when that word becomes just a token word to be thrown around, like with the hippies. We didn't want to be preachers or teachers or anything, but we knew that the most important thing for people is learning how to learn. If you learn how to learn you'll learn what's necessary to be concerned. The way the government and media work is like the way a dog is trained for tricks — you just know *their* way, *their* version, and you're not able to cope with new things or changes. Yeah, a lot of the old records had pseudo-psychedelic or religious or political overtones, but still they work for today. I'm glad the old albums are coming out again because the stuff needs to be said and heard. *America Eats Its Young* would be the perfect album for right now. Today it would be harder to say the things that we said with those albums. Public Enemy are the only ones who have said anything anywhere near it, outright. If I said it now, there probably would be hell raised. They're saying what I've been screaming to say for a long time, but it's cool that they're young people, 'cause if I were to say the same things, being older and coming from the '60s, the media would play me as being all dated, like some kind of holdover. Public Enemy is on my new album. They did some of their raps, layin' 'em down. They got off on it. We hooked up because in Rolling Stone's year end issue they named me as their biggest influence.

There's nothing wrong with rap bands sampling our old songs.



They sample, and we sample right back. In fact, on my new record, I even sample those same songs off the rap records. They use my material, I use theirs. We sampled "Knee Deep" on the new record. That's the only way I could use that old stuff. If I were to put out "Knee Deep" again and try to take it to people, they'd say 'that sounds too much like De La Soul.'

If You Don't Like The Effects, Don't Produce The Cause

Everything is drug-related to everybody. Especially the government. All these years they've been turning a blind eye towards something that now they issue the death penalty for if you get caught doing it. I think the time has come for them now to take responsibility for a society that believes that there's a pill for all ills. They think it will all go away with the word 'no,' but 'no' is the biggest aphrodisiac known to man. It's a totally hypocritical position 'cause everybody knows who's really in charge. There's proof that the government is bringing it in. The media says that these little black kids are the cause of all the drug problems but, man, the CIA is in charge, and the kids are really the lowest motherfuckers on the totem pole. The press sure as hell will tell you about the effect, but they sure won't tell you about the real cause. You can look at a rock house, at a dude with big eyes who just had a blast off a pipe. Yeah, he looks like he's the cause of all those horrible things you read about, but that's just the effect of the media turning a blind eye on our government's policy. This is a cocaine economy.

Crack has been around a long time. "Crack" is just a word the government and the media started using to draw attention away from something else. People have been using the rocks, putting cocaine on the end of a cigarette for a long time. Ten years ago you could drive down Seven Mile Road (in Detroit) and see signs made from grocery bags taped in the windows of stores that read "Freebase Kits." The cops *had* to know about that shit, but they just let it go on. You know *I* was up there getting my shit, but you can't advocate it.

In the '90s, our government wants anarchy, they want to do what China's just done, declare martial law. See, they're not getting away with shit anymore. We're busting the government for everything. There was Watergate, then there was Ollie North. Now, look at this \$600 Pentagon toilet seat business. They're getting caught now, so they want to create total chaos and start from scratch.

The Gospel According to George

Once you're in the funk, you're always in the funk. ■



pedro bell

**DRAWNATIC
MAESTRO
OF OPTICAL
INFOTAINMENT**

In case you're one of those few **MOTORBOOTY** readers sans funk, you need to know that Pedro Bell, a.k.a. Captain Draw, a.k.a. Sir Lieb, is the world's foremost felt-tip apostle of cosmic urban consciousness. As co-architect of the luminous *P-Funk weltanschauung*, Bell drew the covers and wrote the liner notes for the fifth-through-twelfth Funkadelic albums, as well as all of George Clinton's solo LPs and the Clinton-spawned Jimmy G. and Incorporated Thang Band recs. Like the ever-transcendent grooves they surround, Bell's covers and liner notes go anywhere and try anything, hittin' your peepers with brash, uninhibited brainwarp ooze all fulla maggots, earth mamas, and interplanetary pimps. His nearly-nonsensical Lieb-speak dialect mocked both bureaucratic doubletalk and the band's funk-faking competitors, while his pre-graffiti inner-city sci-fi slnscaapes perfectly fused black revo-angst with scathing socio-satire and firmly established the far-out fables and cumulo-nimblic characters of Funkadelic mythology. Currently in exile from the Clinton camp due to conceptual conflicts with George's new benefactor Prince, the good Captain spoke to us from his headquarters in Checkerboard City, IL.

■ **MOTORBOOTY:** Were you working on stuff when I called?

■ **PEDRO BELL:** Working on stuff? You mean on intricate projects of intergalactic specificities?

■ **Yeah.**

■ No. But I just got finished with the cover for *Our Gang Funky*, a George Clinton compilation album, as well as the cover for *By Way of the Drum*, the new Funkadelic album, and a set of animation spots for MTV. They're always on the lookout for new talent to exploit, but I can't say too much more about them than that. This little contract I've got says I can't mention them. I can say that the spots are called *Lasernet Intergalactic Home Shopping Service*, where all the planets are selling to each other, and in keeping with the capitalistic way of America, Planet Earth is selling toxic sludge to everybody else.

■ **Has Prince ever asked you to do a record cover for him?**

■ No but I wish he would! The thing is, because I've been caught up in the wave of the funk for so long, and because the other small-label, independent stuff that

I've done never got exposed on a national level, I've unfortunately been stigmatized as a "funk-type" artist. So one of the things I'm trying to do is get some album projects from some rap groups, etc.—get a little variety. The CD is coming up and I want to get my last tag in on the album cover market, but I don't want to go down as a funk artist. I really want to get some other stuff out. I'm also working on what I call "Scartoon Books," which demonstrate stuff that I've been putting together over the years. One's called *Adventures in Optical Delusion Land*, and it's about my experiences out in L.A.

■ **When were you out there?**

■ I was in Funkhouse out there in '80-'81. I went out there to drop off the album cover for *The Electric Spanking of War Babies* and take care of some business. There was a big censorship battle. With everything that went down, I ended up being out there for about 10 1/2 months.

■ **What went down?**

■ Well, you remember the Rolling Stones' *Black and Blue* album? The original album cover featured a woman, bruised and tied up S&M style. A group called Women Against Violence picketed Atlantic records and Atlantic records signed a pact with them saying they

INTERVIEW BY ROB MICHAELS

would not have any more exploitative-looking album covers. When the group went to the Rolling Stones, the Rolling Stones told them to go to hell, but the record company changed the cover to a photograph of the band.

So when *Electric Spanking* was ready to go, it had to go through channels that included the Women Against Violence. The thing that pissed me off was that they had a West Coast base and yet when the record company tried to set up a meeting so we could go over the album cover with them, they said they wouldn't have time to meet with us, but if the album came out and it was not to their liking, they were going to raise some hell. So in that respect, Warner Brothers was caught between a rock and a hard place because the group wouldn't meet and discuss our artwork and yet they threatened future action. So I voluntarily did the cover-up—for x- amount of dollars, of course—for *Electric Spanking*, which of course is my best piece. The censorship situation is worse now than it was before.

■ *Is it mostly from women's groups?*

■ That was an isolated event because usually, when it comes to censorship, record companies aren't really influenced that much by outside forces. Usually it's internal, like legal concerns, worrying about possible marketing or packaging problems. But like everybody else who decries censorship, when I see ads where people can stand around in their birthday suits no problem while record covers get censored, I think the situation is really crazy. Those "Obsession" perfume ads featured two pages of nude bodies, and yet they appeared in national magazines, no problem.

■ *Do you have problems with the record companies themselves? You often include jibes against them into your artwork and liner notes, like the anti-crossover stuff on later George Clinton albums.*

■ Yeah, that was a deliberate thing, an exposé-type parody. Being around the action of show business, everything that I put on in terms of liner notes was really based on reality. So I like to perform my job as an "info-tainer" when it comes to that kind of stuff. I've made as many enemies as friends with that. I get some resistance from record companies because I'm not part of the old boy network and I'm out of Chicago, which is a *serious* sin. Also, I don't like to do any artwork that fits into what I consider the "cookie cutter" mentality as far as marketing and packaging. And worst of all, I do a better job than they do. So it's a combination of all those different things.

■ *So do you usually have to deal with a lot of bureaucratic bullshit*

Innerstellar interlopers from Hardcore Jollies.





The Electric Spanking of War Babies, before (left) and after

when you do the covers?

■ Well the main thing is that record companies are used to having stuff done in-house, so dealing with me is a concept that's totally alien to them. Also, I typically do most of the artwork for the albums on three-foot square panels. They're not used to getting artwork that big but that's the only way I can get the details. So that's caused a few more problems. But other than that, liner notes and bar code placement, they usually leave me alone. The biggest static I get is from the legal department.

■ When you do the Funkadelic album covers, do you hear the album before you did the picture?

■ No, I usually don't.

■ Because they always seem to coincide with what the albums are about.

■ Oh yeah, but that's my job! I mean, production-wise, it only takes a couple days for a record company to convert a tape to wax once they get it. When it comes to artwork and liner notes, it takes about 4-6 weeks, so typically the band isn't into sending a tape of the album before the record company already has the album artwork and liner notes.

■ Do you talk about the record with George Clinton or anybody else in the band before you do the artwork?

■ Most of the time I just get the title.

When it comes to the artwork and the liner notes, he doesn't know what's happening until he gets his promotional copy.

■ Did you go to art school?

■ No, I'm a self-taught pagan. My old man got me interested in drawing early in life and both my brothers are artistically oriented. Robert Williams and Big Daddy Roth were really my first two serious icons, their T-shirts and car ads had the most influence on me when I was up and coming. Other cats like Tom Wolfe and Harlan Ellison interested me in reading. I liked their writing style, so they had some influence. And I always liked Frank Zappa. In the early days he had that anti-packaging concept with his albums and he was always talking about the industry or whatever else he felt like talking about, so that didn't go unnoticed.

In chronological order, it was Robert Williams and Big Daddy Roth, then the writer boys, and then Frank Zappa. At that point I said "Well, I might be able to go ahead and do something like that." I always had it in my mind that I was going to do an album cover for a recording group, so when the P-Funk thing came—I heard them on this underground radio station back in late '69, early '70—I said "Yeah—that's me." They combined Sun Ra, Hendrix, and Frank Zappa-type tangents, so naturally Funkadelic was custom-made for me. Originally I started

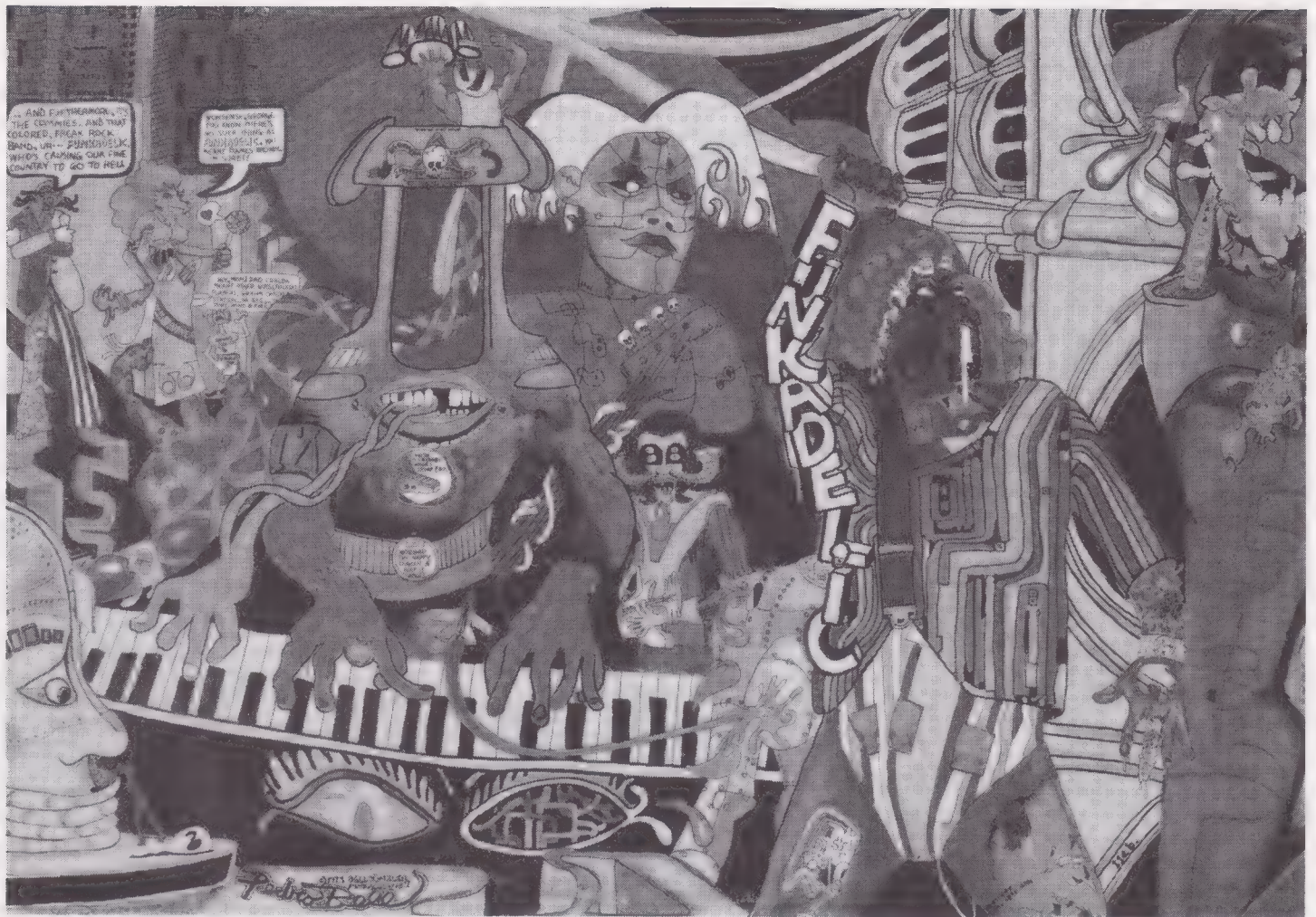
out doing press kit stuff for them, promotional stuff. Then I managed to get up into the album cover art. Up until that time this outfit called the Process Church was doing the liner notes and there was a big stink about that.

■ They did the liner notes for the early albums.

■ Right. And that church gave equal acknowledgement to Satan and God, which of course is a clear violation of traditional church theology, so the Process Church was just automatically assumed to be a satanic cult. But regardless of the disinformation factor there, the association with the Process Church was politically negative. So when George asked me to do the album cover for *Cosmic Slop*, he just called me back later and said "I want some liner notes."

■ That's where the "Sir Lleb" thing started. (Cover art was always credited to Pedro Bell, while liner notes were authored by "Sir Lleb.")—Ed

■ Right. And that's where things started, package-wise, too. I saw Kiss back in the early days when they were doing the college thing and I knew that they was gonna be head because they were one of the few groups that had their marketing and packaging together. I know that sounds gross and commercial, but there are ways that you can do it and still retain creativity. Of course they were about the money, but they took care of the business



Crazoids from the back cover of Funkadelic's *Let's Take It to the Stage*.

on everything themselves. Devo was another example of the self-contained marketing/package concept. If you do that right you're going to last a lot longer in terms of visibility and having hardcore fans.

■ *So were you always a big music fan?*

■ Well, I'll give you a cross section of my favorite groups: Sun Ra, Hendrix, Devo, Kraftwerk, Blue Cheer, early Scorpions, James Brown, and that dude Adrian Sherwood. As far as I'm concerned, his organization—I call it "Sherwood's Forest"—is the true Funkadelic of the 80's. I also like the Revolting Cocks, Prince, Ministry, Bootsy, Easy E, and of course I do have a special favoritism for Public Enemy, but I'm not into being under surveillance.

■ *I know they've got a song about their phone being tapped...*

■ Oh yeah. It's kind of ironic in a country where Fortune 500 companies can't pay taxes until all the rest of us kiss their ass, and all kinds of subversive organizations are out there with anti-tank guns, yet the government is worried about stuff like Public Enemy. But of course that's the American scheme of things.

Something else I'm into is computer

tech, the applications of computer graphics and computer animation. I think a lot of the technology that's out there is really being used against everyone. The thing is that a lot of technological tools can be used by anyone, and the counter-culture—the counter-medi-info, the creative crazoids, the closet crazoids—should be picking up on some of this stuff. Because there's no way that top 40 radio, the establishment art situation and the establishment movie situation should have iron-clad control over the entire media spectrum any more. I think what people of the creative spectrum ought to do is just go ahead and create their own network. It's what I call the "Splank-wave Conspiracy," where you have x- amount of people networked together; you have computers for desktop publishing, you have experimental films, you have videos and animation and all these sources. Then you just go ahead and do it. Create an alternative network and give these boys some comp, and it's no problem. Because any alternative media network would not have to be bothered with that huge built-in pyramid of corporate structure that actually forces TV networks and record companies to pimp the artists because the overhead is so high. I mean all of us creative crazoids are used to doing things

on a budget or on no money at all, so it shouldn't be any problem.

■ *The network you just described sounds something like the network surrounding P-Funk*

■ Well I can say this about Clinton: *he was a smart muthafuckah!* Because he recruited most of his crucial personnel back in the old chitlin circuit days, and everyone he picked was someone he felt was the best person for taking care of P-Funk, from playing and singing to being behind the scenes and taking care of the business. And that hand-picked group was a great help when P-Funk got to the big time. Everybody basically did what I did. They'd drop the manager a line or see a concert, meet the band backstage and just say "Listen, I do this," or "I want to get involved at this level." George would check 'em out, and if they were happening, he'd pull them. A lot of the musicians would actually do live auditions backstage after a show and that's how they would get pulled. So it was real casual.

In the early days I just had to think about giving the band members tags and putting them in the promotional kit, and once I came up with something, it usually stuck. For instance, I knew that Gary

Shider had done singing in churches and doo-wop groups, so naturally his tag was "Doo-Wop." I can't take credit for "Bootsy"—somebody else gave him that—but for the rest of them I just came up with a tag that would fit their past, their personality, or their appearance. What I was doing was experimenting with the packaging and marketing concept. Like I said, people seem to think that creativity is one thing, and packaging and marketing is another thing, and that the two concepts aren't compatible. It's like you either do one and it's not marketable, or you do the other and it's a sell-out. But you actually can merge the two together.

■ *And doing that made P-Funk a coherent overall thing and not just a band that put out a lot of records.*

■ Right. It's possible for a record company to have a group do a million sales in one year and then bomb out from that point on—just be gone in a minute. But if you have a solid core of support based on your profile, you're going to last a lot longer. Eventually you'll be able to sell more records and at the same time you'll have hardcore fans that will support you through the thin times as well as the good times. There wasn't that usual void of ego separating P-Funk from their fans, and that helped a lot. At its peak, when it had all of that together, there was simply nothing to compare P-Funk to. And again, Clinton put us all together before the big time. When the big time happened everything went right to hell.

■ *Can you tell us something about that?*

■ Ha! Well I'll be kind of diplomatic about it. You know when big money arrives anyplace—especially in the music business—there's x-amount of gold diggers and other miscellaneous vampires and parasites with dollar signs in their eyes. It seemed like a huge support group of slack-catchers and go-fers sprang up out of nowhere. P-Funk became something like a *BUREAUCRACY*, except that most of these new people were more like dead weight than people who could really do anything for the organization. Cats who can walk around saying "Funk" 250 times a day don't really contribute to the well-being of a group's business. There were just an unbelievable assortment of characters with titles and job responsibilities that simply did not take care of business. Naturally that created a lot of resentment in the hardcore people who were in the band and worked behind the scenes. Proportionately, the band and original support people really made less dollars in the big time days than they did in the old days. Because even though there wasn't that much being made in the chitlin circuit days, they at least got a share of the little money there was. In the big-time days it was freeloaders first, band second. Planet Freebase had its impact

too. And the record companies did their dirty work. I mean what Clinton did isn't such a big thing now, because now there are people like Prince, who's basically the master of his organization. But back when Clinton was coming up it was technically illegal for a black man to have complete control over his means of production. There were a lot of inside corporate forces that did things to rip him off on the money situation. Or they wouldn't take care of the business, to try to kick him out. That was definitely a



A well-heeled couple from the back cover of Cosmic Slop.

reality that was going on at the time.

■ *Is that still a problem today?*

■ Well the music industry has evolved and devolved at the same time, so it's made those kind of tactics unnecessary. The crucial people at the record company still don't know what makes a hot record or group today anymore than they did in the old days. They just go ahead and simply control the amount and type of product that's out there, and control the airwaves the same way. So now you have malarkey music with cookie cutter concepts in terms of packaging and design, and that limits peoples' perception of what music is. So therefore they're able to control everything and everybody that way. If you're a band that doesn't fit into one of their prefabricated molds, they're not going to be bothered with you. As a matter of fact, if you're one of the borderline situations it's sometimes more profitable for a big record company to look at their roster of groups and say "Well actually we could go ahead and do some creative accounting.

And then we could go ahead and kill this group off and come out ahead in terms of the tax write-off." And they'll do that in a minute.

■ *With that in mind, was it always sort of perilous existence for P-Funk?*

■ Well the thing that was really weird about the monster version of P-Funk was that the band was coming out with so many concepts in so many different directions that the record companies really didn't know what was going on. They tried their standard tactics in terms of withholding royalties or not paying this or that, or various other things that they do out of normal fashion. But I'm going to tell you, I'm an insider and I didn't think that P-Funk was going to take on the proportions that it did in such a short time. So you know the record companies didn't know what the fuck was going on. Therefore they could never really start to figure out how far or deep P-Funk was going to be, because they were always getting hit with some new surprise. The funk was always changing and if those corporate entities couldn't keep up, there was only so much they could do. But again, it wasn't so much the external forces of E-vil and blasphemy that really took P-Funk down. As with any other great empire, the real damage came from within.

■ *Were the Funkadelic albums done in felt tip pen?*

■ I do work in all the media, but that's one thing that aggravates these record companies to no end. They still consider the marker pen a barbaric tool. But I still like it and I'll still use them in a minute. The record company really wants to repackage George in some kind of way. If they had their way, that would mean I would be the first thing to go. I haven't seen too many major articles about Funkadelic or George Clinton albums that didn't talk about the artwork or the liner notes, so it seems to me that even from their capitalistic perspective they should be able to overlook the high prices I keep charging! But it's like that. As a matter of fact, this Funkadelic album is the first one that's not a gatefold. That seriously cramps my style. But one thing I can say about the back cover of the Funkadelic album is that you'll need a magnifying glass!

■ *The covers you did for George's solo albums have a different look and format than the Funkadelic covers.*

■ Yes, and naturally when the record company saw them they said "This looks alike." But there's different kinds of concepts that I incorporate on the solo albums that are obviously different from the Funkadelic stuff. Technically, the music is supposed to be different, so I made those changes to accommodate that. Like with the Incorporated Thang band cover, where I got into the three-

dimensional thing with modeling plastic figures. It's necessary for me to do some style changes because I myself am trying to break out into something else, in terms of presenting other sides. I also have a couple music concepts that I'm working on.

■ **Are you a musician?**

■ To be exact about it: I mess around. But I need a computer to straighten out my strokes, because my coordination is way behind my mind. I'm getting ready to throw some of my own closet concepts out into the world, including one concept which I originally intended as the replacement concept for Funkadelic. I was trying to take the load off George by giving him another concept and image for Funkadelic, but I found out it wouldn't have been profitable.

■ **What was it?**

■ Well it's not what it was, it's what it is! I came up with this concept back in the mid-70's and it was actually so far ahead of the stroke, concept-wise, that the only way it could've worked was with a group that was already existing. For it to come out as a new group would've been suicidal because record companies would've automatically said no.

■ **You'd already have to have a foot in the door.**

■ Right. So I had to put it back on the shelf because the business side of it would not have been beneficial to my pockets. It was so far ahead of its time that the rest of the world is just now catching up. I'm packaging it under my own ownership and the group's name is Tripzilla.

■ **I've seen that word before.**

■ Naturally I did it for advance PR, so the hardcore funkaterians will say "Yes—I remember that." It's basically a cross between a funk equivalent of Kraftwerk vs. the Transformers. I am still into making sure that the packaging and marketing is fitting for a group. So I'm going to save it from the powers that could very well fuck it up, by taking care of business ahead of time. The group concept has been worked out, including the costuming. I made some of the instruments myself. The press kit stuff will be done ahead of time, as well as the biographies and the advertising campaign. Everything is going to be done before the record company gets it. That way all they have to do is duplicate and let it go. Because if you just give them a tape and a video, they wouldn't know what to do with it. They'd be saying "Oh no, we can't fit this into our format," and their R&B and marketing and packaging people say "Hey—we don't see no jerry curls!" So I'm going to save them all of that.

■ **When do you think you're going to do it?**

■ Preferably this year—'89. But right now I'm maintaining two bases and I actually need one large base.

■ **Where's the other one?**

■ On the other side of town. I'm a read-a-

holic and I have a magazine collection that's in the thousands. I used to review records once upon a time and I've got an album inventory in the thousands. Throw in a mess of power tools, electronic junk, computer stuff, music stuff and a few tons worth of files, and you can see that one of the reasons why I can't jump out with everything is that there's just too much. So one thing that I've been doing, by having a published address and phone number, is extending a base of connections. I have a creative posse of people who are computeroids, technocrats, frustrated lawyers and accountants who want to do something creative, audio-visual cats, engineers, photographers and musicians. So as soon as I get to stage x, all I have to do is call these people up and say "Hey—it's time." And of course I'll be on line with the computer modem, so I'll have that communication grapevine going in and out of these other people's extensions.

In a world where we've got a computer modem and a fax machine, it's possible for everyone to centralize where necessary and decentralize where necessary and yet still maintain a network. I think one of

the most interesting books for the 80's and 90's is *Megatrends*, because a lot of stuff that's in that book has already happened, or is about to go down. And like I said, the same technology can be used in different ways by different people. There's a lot of resistance to computer tech because it seems like an x-factor. I've called people who say "I don't know anything about computers," and I say "Neither do I. Why don't you come on by?" They're surprised by how much they're able to do by themselves in 15 minutes. Everybody thinks it's all about programming and all kinds of typing commands and format commands. Well, if you're into S&M, yes, you can do it like that. But I'm talking about software, where you just type one line, load the sucker up, look at the pretty pictures, move the joystick or mouse and just go from there.

Computer tech to me is a political necessity and that's going to be the future, like it or not. In fact, one of the mottos that I put on the Funkadelic album was "In the future there's going to be two kinds of people: the computer users and the computer abused." And I believe that.

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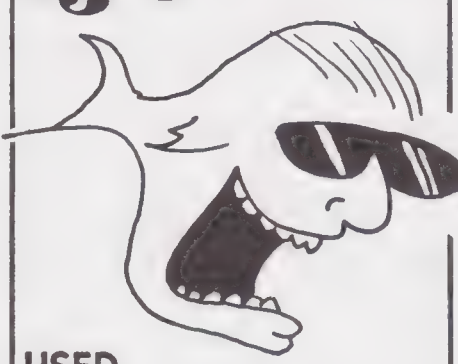
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GIVING UP THE FUNK:

THE FUZZY HASKINS



INTERVIEW BY MR. MIKE DANNER

Once described as "the Unholy Wolfurk of Babylon, a tuff karatee mollyfockee who delivers a Definite Headache," Clarence Eugene "Fuzzy" Haskins has made an unlikely transformation since his days as one of the lead vocalists in the Parliament-Funkadelic mob. A member of the group since their early '60s doo-wop genesis, Fuzzy achieved fame and an expensive drug habit singing "I Got A Thing, You Got A Thing, Everybody's Got A Thing" and "I Wanna Know If It's Good To You," among other heavy Funkadelic jams. After a decade of drug-enhanced quasi-nude performances with the group, two solo LPs, *A Whole Nother Thang* and *Radio Active*, and the ersatz "Funkadelic" LP *Connections and Disconnections* with fellow P-Funk expatriates Grady Thomas and Calvin Simon, Haskins gave up music and became a born-again Christian in 1978. Reverend Haskins is currently a minister of the Faith for Miracles Church in Detroit, and has appeared regularly on the church's Channel 62 T.V. gospel show.

■ **MOTORBOOTY:** What originally brought the group together?

■ **FUZZY HASKINS:** Our love for music. There were five fellows in the original Parliaments: George Clinton, Calvin Simon, Grady Thomas, Ray Davis, and myself. We grew up in the same neighborhood and had been singing in talent shows, cabarets, skating rinks, and things like that. At school we'd sing in the hallway. Around 1959-60 we used to hang out at the same barber shop in Plainfield, New Jersey. George eventually wound up owning the shop, around 1963. At the time I was singing with the Bel-Airs. There was an opening in the Parliaments and I had just become friends with George. He used to do my hair for free, and I'd give him a ride to see his girlfriend 25 miles or so home to Newark. I was taking George to the barber shop one day and all the guys happened to be there so I auditioned. We sang "Twist and Shout" by the Isley Brothers and I sang lead. After that they asked me to be in the group. I was very outgoing and being the expert that I was — a lot of

showmanship, always the life of the party, always joking around — I got all the attention. I joined in 1963 and we started singing at high school dances and stuff.

One day in 1965 we decided to go to Motown. We called them and they told us to come out for an audition. We drove right out here to Detroit, and ran out of gas right in front of the Motown offices. Made it there on "E." There were six of us, the five of us and the guitar player, so we auditioned and they offered us a contract, but they said that we sounded like so many groups they already had and that we'd have to "wait our turn." We didn't like that. We didn't want to wait so we went back to New Jersey. Eventually we ended up back at Motown. We did a few records but they wouldn't release them. At the time they had the Supremes, Stevie Wonder, the Contours, the Marvelettes, Smokey Robinson — I just saw Smokey on *The 700 Club* the other day. He's a born-again Christian now. He was sharing his testimony with Pat Robertson. I'm glad to see that. Anyway,

they had Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Marvin Gaye, the Temptations, so many other groups ahead of us. We weren't wild at the time, just a singing group with one guitar player. All the Motown R & B acts only had a guitar player, bass player, and drummer.

■ **So you eventually left Motown?**

■ Yes, our first hit record was in 1967, "I Wanna Testify" on Revilot Records, but we didn't make much money on it. It was a supply and demand thing. People demanded the record and we couldn't supply it. We just didn't have enough money. When the record became a hit we were hired at the Apollo Theater in New York, the most prestigious place for a black artist to play. We had always dreamed of playing there. James Brown had just left right before we got there, and the dressing room we changed in had his name all over the door. We were on the same bill with the O'Jays. Those guys were really professional; they had been out there paying their dues for years, and then we come right fresh out of the field, from New Jersey, and there we were, the stars of the show. They really didn't like it. We learned a lot on that show. They took us out of the last spot and made us fifth, second to last, because we really messed up on opening night. The band didn't do us right and it didn't work out the way we thought it would.

■ **How did the wild outfits and songs start?**

■ We were doing four or five shows a day, six days a week, and you had to have uniforms. We were wearing suits and ties and we'd sweat 'em up in one

performance. Then you had to take them to the cleaners and it's a big mess. I mean there was a problem. So we began to wear different shirts 'cause we didn't have anything clean. Then we just said, "Hey, let's just wear anything we want to." That's really how our wild costumes started. Just like that. My stage wardrobe for years was just tie-dyed long johns. I'd go in these thrifty stores and buy me a fifty cent pair of long johns and tie-dye 'em. Wear my buckle-up pirate boots, my belt, my hat, and my tie-dyed long johns and that was my uniform. George would take a sheet off a hotel bed, and put a hole right in the middle and stick his head through. He'd put lipstick all over it, throw anything on it — ketchup or whatever — with no underclothes on, just nothing underneath it. It got really wild, and eventually he started wearing nothing on stage. But it all boils down to the fact we couldn't afford to get our clothes cleaned every day.

We were in New Jersey doing "I Wanna Testify" and George began to go to some of these rock concerts and he often mentioned "the big amplifiers." We had always had these little amplifiers, small things, very tiny like for playing a nightclub. The R&B acts played nightclubs while the white groups played outdoor concerts and big arenas. The white groups could afford all the equipment, the big amplifiers, busses, and things. You can't do an outdoor concert with small amps and drum sets. We discovered that the record company would advance us money if we needed a car, a station wagon, if we needed uniforms and things like this, so we said, "Hey, we need equipment," and so they began to advance us money for all these big Marshall amplifiers. Westbound began to give us the money to do these things and we had never had anyone do that before. So what happened was, we had all this big equipment but because we were a black group we were still doing nightclubs. We began to blow people right out of the nightclubs with these amplifiers. We would turn those things up and boy, they'd kick us out or we'd run people out, but we didn't care about that. We were hungry for publicity, and we figured that even if they didn't like us, that's still publicity. There's no "good" and "bad" publicity. If they talk about you they talk about you. We didn't want anybody going away saying, "they sound like the Temptations." We didn't wanna sound like nobody. We wanted people going away saying "those guys are crazy" or "they're out of their minds" or whatever, so we began to get wild. We started swinging from chandeliers and pushing over tables. We began doing all these wild and crazy things, and we'd turn the amplifiers up. We didn't all want to do that, we didn't all agree. Calvin and myself and a couple of the others were a little bit laid-back and didn't really agree with it. But we saw that

it began to catch on and people began to talk about us and say "Man, you guys are crazy," so we did it.

■ *So that was George's idea?*

■ Yeah, that was George's idea, being the slickster he is.

■ *How'd you get the nickname "Fuzzy"?*

■ That goes way back. I was four or five years old. I had a step-brother who took me to the show one time and they had one of those cowboy pictures, "Fuzzy Q. Jones" or something, and I was so thrilled



The Parllaments, pre-acid. From left: Ray Davis, Calvin Simon, Fuzzy, Grady Thomas and George Clinton.

over one of those cowboys in the picture we saw he began calling me "Fuzzy Q" and it stuck with me.

■ *In the photo inside the gatefold cover of Maggot Brain, who's the bald-headed guy with the brick in his hand?*

■ Tawl Ross, the fellow that sings "Funky Dollar Bill." That guy flipped out; he just really went off. At first he just sort of acted crazy, and George enticed him. Remember that guy, Iggy Papa Stooze? Well, he sorta mimicked him, and wanted to be just like that. God, we'd go to people's offices and Tawl would climb up on desks and do some crazy things. We were in Europe on tour right after Tawl first joined the group. We were going around the country and we had a hit record and here's a fellow who never had anything. He's playing guitar and he's very poor. He joins and right away he's riding in limos and making money. It does something to his mind. Tawl was sort of like that. All this fame happened so suddenly. Boy, we went to England and we almost had to leave him over there. It was really bad.

■ *Do you ever talk to anybody from the group?*

■ I haven't talked to George since 1982.

■ *What about the guy you said you saw the other day?*

■ Oh, that was Peanut (Robert Johnson), one of the fellows that was a member of Bootsy's Rubber Band.

■ *I wanted to ask you about the Biblical quotes and the Lord's Prayer used in some Funkadelic song lyrics.*

■ Well, it's funny you should mention that. You remember the one that said something about Armageddon? ("Wars of Armageddon," on *Maggot Brain* - ed.) Well, I don't even know where a word like that comes from, "Armageddon." George knew though.

■ *So that was mostly George's doing?*

■ Yeah, that was George's idea.

■ *I thought that might have been some prelude to your being a minister now.*

■ No, I didn't even know. It didn't dawn on me. That was just something we did. You know, we were in these hotels all the time and those Gideon Bibles were just lying around. It didn't dawn on me until I came to the Lord and got saved. Then some strange things happened. Anyway, that Bible stuff was George's doing. "The Battle of Armageddon"? (sic) I didn't know anything about no Armageddon. What in the world is Armageddon? It sounds like some sort of spaghetti sauce to me. Anyway, I play timbali on that instrumental.

■ *Was there any connection between the band and the Process Church of the Final Judgement, the group that wrote the liner notes on Maggot Brain and America Eats Its Young?*

■ Inside the album *Maggot Brain*, there are liner notes on "Fear." Back then, George moved to Toronto. Eventually this guy began to manage us up in Toronto — Ron Scribner, he owned a nightclub up there, The Hawk's Nest on Yonge Street. He began to have us up there at his club and other places in Canada. We had a lot of problems getting across the border with drugs. It was a mess and I just thank God I'm not in jail today. We've been searched, frisked, had our clothes taken off. Once I had an ounce down my pants in my underwear, just like how that Red Wing Bob Probert got busted. We were searched on numerous occasions and didn't get caught. Two of the fellas got caught in Buffalo, Grady and Bernie Worrell, but they went to court and got out of that.

But this one time, I had an ounce on me, and they lined us all up and called us in one at a time. I'm the only with about an ounce of marijuana in my underwear. They lined us up and I took the last seat. There were about six or seven of us, so I made sure I'd be the last one. I didn't plan it this way, but thank God it just worked out: my roommate Bernie happened to be the first one. When Bernie came out I asked him what they did. He said they looked everywhere. I said uh-oh. All of us were sitting in an office and there was a

desk sitting in front of me. While they were calling us into the next room one at a time, I slid down nonchalantly in the chair like I was tired with my feet stretched out like I was sliding out of the chair. I only did like this so I could get my legs straight and my hand down the front of my pants, you know, casually. Like you yawn, stick your hand down your pants, and just leave it there. I took two fingers and tried to get ahold of it. I told Bernie to walk back and forth in front of me and open his coat pocket. Once I got my hand down in there farther I told Bernie to walk between me and the police officers standing in the room. In that split-second when he walked between us and they couldn't see me I stashed it in his coat pocket.

Anyway, the reason I was talking about Canada is 'cause George began to spend a lot of time up there in Toronto, and he began attending — I don't know if he attended this church or came into contact with people — anyway he acquired a Bible which at the time I didn't know was a Bible until I came to the Lord and got saved. Back then George lived with me and my girlfriend in Detroit for about two years, and he brought this book into my house. It didn't look like a regular Bible. It was *their* Bible; the Bible for this particular church.

■ ***They had their own Bible?***

■ This particular church was a church of Satan.

■ ***The Process Church?***

■ Yeah! I guess George had to contact that church to get permission to use that in the album. Now I didn't know anything about the Lord at that time, but George was messing around in Satanic stuff. A lot of strange things began to happen. An article he wrote where he and Bootsy were coming back from Toronto and they saw a bolt of lightning or something. Some strange supernatural stuff.

I let all of this go by me until I came to the Lord. My church had an evangelist come from Texas in 1985 and she prophesied to me. I have some of her books. Witchcraft, devil worshipping, and Satanic churches. She left me a bunch of books. I just happened to be reading one of the books one night and in there it told about this Satanic church, "The Process Church of the Final Judgement." I said to myself, "Where have I seen this before?," and it haunted me. Then I looked in the album and the Bible that was in my home and I realized that George was into some things that were the Devil.

■ ***You had no idea at the time?***

■ No, none of us had any idea. Maybe the others don't even care. I didn't realize this until I was saved.

■ ***Do you still have the Bible?***

■ No, I threw that thing in the fire.

■ ***Does that church still exist?***

■ I think they still have locations all over. That branch happened to be in Toronto.

■ ***What were the circumstances that led you to find religion?***

■ It was in March 1976, and we were doing the P-Funk Earth tour. We were just beginning to peak. We were rehearsing in this airplane hangar 'cause the spaceship and stage set-up was so large. We had about 60 or 70 people on the payroll, riggers, cooks, two or three busses, tractor trailers, limos. It was a big thing.



Fuzzy, pre-Roberts

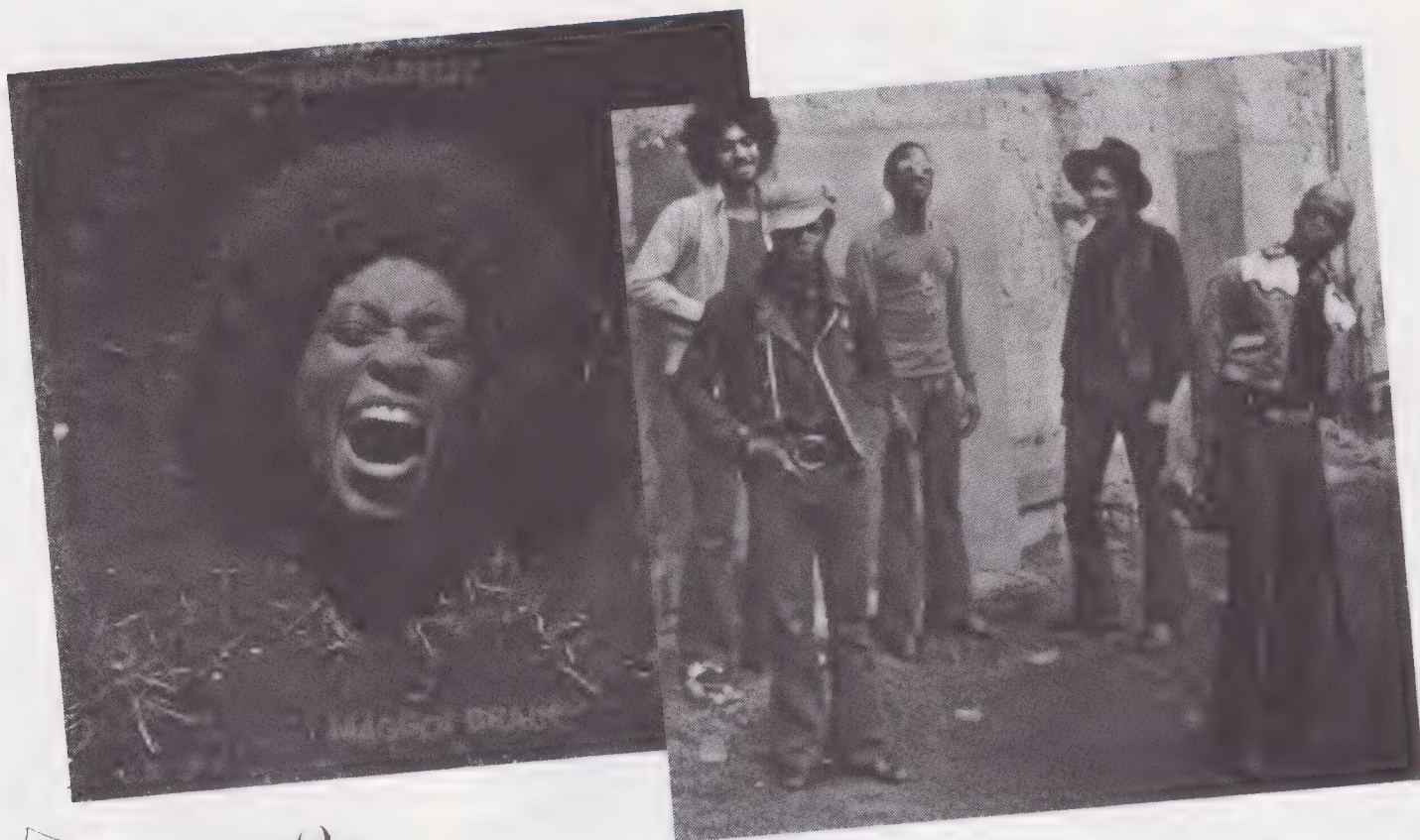
We were waiting for this big bus to come to pick up 12 of us — there were 12 bunk-beds, color T.V., a phone — it was really decked out nice. We were playing football and we had just got some cocaine when the bus pulled up. We all rushed for the bus to pick out a bed. On the bunk that I chose to sleep in I found a red leather Bible, so I picked it up, took it to the men's room, lit up a joint, and began to read it. Over the next few weeks I kept on getting high and reading it. There was one Scripture, Matthew 16:26 that stuck with me and I really thought about it and meditated on it a lot: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I had a lot of questions inside of myself. Coming through Tennessee one night we were at a hotel and I had a young lady with me and out of routine I just flicked on the television. It was one of those floor-model televisions. I was down in front of the set on my knees adjusting the knobs and I ran across Oral Roberts on a Christian program talking about God. I thought it was ironic that I had just found this Bible and then I turned on the T.V. and there was something about God. I didn't want this girl to see me doing this so I sent her to the restaurant to get rid of her. I turned back to Oral Roberts and he

was shaking his finger right in my face. Right there looking at me eye to eye, saying "Young man you need prayer." He was talking to me just like I'm talking to you. Just so real. I was in a dilemma. I had been reading the Scriptures and the Lord had begun to deal with my heart. I wanted to save my soul but I loved what I was doing, making money, with all the fame going. How in the world could I get out? But then he said, "You need prayer and God is the only one that can help you. Just kneel right there and I'll pray." So I knelt in front of the television and prayed with Oral Roberts that night with God as my witness. It was a miracle the way things happened. Within a week, the four of us — the original Parliaments — decided we were going to sue George over money, and we quit the group. When I came back to Detroit I started watching Christian T.V.

In April 1978 on Good Friday I went to church and I accepted the Lord into my life and through a miracle God delivered me from drugs. He took the desire away, just supernaturally did a marvelous job. I got a hunger for the Lord. I began studying the word of God, going to church and loving it. It was a turnaround in my life.

But the Devil, through friends and old environments, began to come back around with cocaine and drugs and flash them before me. I was weak a few times, but I remember one day I was out on my front lawn and this fellow came by. He'd always come by with all this cocaine and I had fallen into his trap so many times. But the Scripture says, "When we return to our sin it's like a dog that returns to his vomit." You know a dog will throw up and then eat it. I'd read that Scripture every time I'd slip and take a snort of cocaine or smoke a joint and I'd get so angry with myself. But this particular day, I was getting ready to go to church when he came by. I walked up to the window on the passenger side of his van and said, "Listen, don't even get out. Unless you're going to church with me I don't even want to see you no more." That was the first time that I ever really said no. As I watched that van go down Meyers Road driving away I knew in my heart I would never have another problem with drugs because the Bible says to submit ourselves to God, and resist the Devil and he will flee.

I don't listen to anything but gospel now. I want to re-do "I Wanna Testify" to glorify God. I'm going to be recording some anti-drug songs to reach the young people. The name of my new ministry is the Second Coming Ministry. One program we have is America's Smart Kids Getting Off Drugs. That's "A.S.K. G.O.D." We're getting out literature and letting young people know who they are, that they're special and they're better than the drugs they're taking. They're somebody. God loves them. ■



FUNKADELIC

continued from page 35

Funkadelic, circa *Maggot Brain*.

randomness (*Free Your Mind* may be the first real dub album), hammering a final nail into the coffin of the Love Generation (or at least expressing its irrelevance) as convincingly as Sly's *There's A Riot Going On* or the first Stooges LP. The mangy swamp roots that wound willy-nilly 'round the first album get slightly submerged 'neath the phase-shifted wall of blighted big-city fuzz that marks *Free Your Mind*, but when the cows come home, this may be the best Funkadelic LP of all. The title cut is the band's answer to "Sister Ray," a 10+ minute saw-toothed acid dub storm based on a slobbering three-note guitar and organ riff with the band (and maybe the Parliaments) disjointedly shouting "Free your mind and your ass will follow, the kingdom of Heaven is within" and other assorted pieces of microdot-speak (like "I don't know what I feel/I can't feel me" and "I'm very discontent now/and I want a way out now. . ."). "Friday Night, August 14th" and "Funky Dollar Bill" are 13th-stone-from-the-sun Hendrixesque savagery (with the latter featuring the most obsessive toy piano solo this side of "I Wanna Be Your Dog"). "I Wanna Know If It's Good To You" picks up where "I'll Bet You" left off, a brooding sexual shuffle that moves from the unseemliest Motor City tar pits straight into your little sister's boudoir, complete with a perfectly offhand fucking-as-return-to-the-womb/life-cycle regenewhatsis refrain right before the instrumental freakout ("Look out here I come/right back where I started from"); while "Eulogy & Light" is ass-backwards gospel chorus loops backdropping for somebody's tortured anti-materialism polemic. But, with the ugly comes the good, and like a lot of other truly transcendent slabs of nihilistic no exit-ism (first two Velvets LPs, first Suicide album, etc.), *Free Your Mind* really works because of its beauty, radiating a perfectly haphazard sublimity that is necessarily compassionate, reminding you that you aren't the only one out there who may be alone and giving you a chance to bumper ski from P-Funk's karma-bound, angst-fueled tour Caddy goin' head on into the kingdom of heaven within.

Maggot Brain (1971) "Mother Earth is pregnant for the third time/for y'all have knocked her up/I have tasted the maggots in the

mind of the universe/and I was not offended/for I knew I had to rise above it all/or drown in my own shit."

Within the grooves of the ten minute instrumental title track of this album (of which the above mantra is the no-lude prelude), Eddie Hazel's guitar testifies that he ain't no chicken, that he's man enough to rise above his own shit or at least give it a 500% College of Hard Knocks try, and tho' I can't tell you what he saw up there I can tell you that the black vinyl by-product called "Maggot Brain" nearly defies description. Over a couple of simple "Color My World"/Cocteau Twins backing notes, Mr. Hazel empties every ounce of himself, every ounce of pain, pleasure, violence, bullshit, hope, lust, beauty, disappointment, and even those few ounces that dreamed of finding some warm womb in the universe all fulla peace, truth, and common sense, into what have gotta be the most transcendently tear-jerkin' git-fiddle escapades that I've ever heard; accept no shoddy knock-offs honey, 'cause this hear is the REAL FUCKIN' THING and it'll tear your ass apart. Eddie's other tour de force is "Super Stupid," a Stooges-play-On The Corner-afro-headbang-masterpiece, heavier than "Iron Man" and with creepier junkie business than Johnny Thunders, all addin' up to one deep, organic, rock & roll mindfuck that in a mere 3:53 renders the entire Sub Pop catalog irrelevant. Mr. Hazel also waxes nasty on "Hit It & Quit It," a nugget of honestagad church metal, the church part of which shuffles offta downtown and into some terminally-existential-despite-itself bog on "You And Your Folks, Me And My Folks," where the band's war-torn ghetto desperation cruelly pierces the shady veneer of Fat Albert get-togetherism that got the cut Top 40 airplay back in '71 ("Rich got a big piece of this and that/poor got a big piece of roaches and rats," etc.). As if that ain't enough, y'also get "Can You Get To That" (the Balancing Act's recent cover of this tune made me feel like the effin' Ayatollah — I'll provide free defense to anyone with the balls to deep-six 'em), a simply gorgeous folk/doo-wop wonderment that never ceases to inspire (and on one of *those* days even seems quite like George's equivalent to "Sunday Morning," pure sky-kiss sublimity, etc.). I'd also best mention "Wars of Armageddon," a 10-minute mindwarp of bongo-driven voodoo in a Miles' mode with everyone's mouth so full of of those little pieces of colored cardboard that "more power to the pussy" is about the closest anyone gets to a complete American sentence. And oh yeah, the liner photo is so fuckin' BAD



ASS that it's almost SEXY. So, no matter what it takes, get to *this* thing fast: few mass-produced pieces of petroleum will ever come so close to actual humanhood (and a nasty pox on you fuckers makin' dildo and vibrator jokes).

America Eats Its Young (1972) Comin' offa the airtight thunderbolt of *Maggot Brain*, *America*'s double-album opusness has always struck this pinhead as a bit of a letdown. Maybe keyboardist Bernie Worrell became temporarily infatuated with (or momentarily straight enough to be conscious of) his instrumental wizardry, or maybe he and George alla the sudden thought the Beatles' last few records were a gas — I dunno, but the end product is kinda like Funkadelic's inevitably idiosyncratic stab at prog-rock, with the fellas spending more time working on arrangements ('specially strings) than on rolling joints, more energy on getting it right than on doing it right, etc. But that ain't to say that *America* doesn't drip with more crystals of righteousness than you could eat in a single sitting, 'cause it most def-jam-a-definitely *do*: no matter how "highly" this thing aims, it's still deeply infused with the spirit of mystery, funk, and recklessness that's made all of Clinton's stuff matter in the first place. You gotta start with the near-perfect Funkadelia of side three where the band's alienation (not only from the world but from their own project) hits ya 'cross the face like a naugahyde hammer. "Pussy," a slowed-down, "bluesier" version of "I Call My Baby Pussycat" (from *Osmium*, the first Parliament LP), is like the aural equivalent of so much climactic spew suddenly startin' to ooze from yer heat vents and radiator, the soundtrack to "The Evil Jizz Pt. 1" complete with a six-ton guitar and horn explosion. When things start gettin' real creepy it cuts right into the title track, where "Color My World" (primarily in the form of a downright mournful guitar solo) backdrops for an unadorned female "vocalist"'s near six-minute orgasmic wail (years before D. Summer's "I Love To Love You Baby"), the sum total of which is somehow excruciatingly melancholy (and for reasons far more profound than "how do you get 'em to do that?"). "Biological Speculation" is steel-guitar countrified doo-wop salvation all about the laws of nature working by instinct to come in and balance the books when we humans fuck things up beyond repair — a personal P. Funk fave. (Mutha Nature's head also gets reared in the baroque metal bombast called "Balance" on side four.) The second side's got "Loose Booty," a straight-on JB groove with George smackifying the story of Jack and Jill, e.g., climbing hills to cop, going into nods, doing the junkie twist, etc., while "If You Don't Like The Effects, Don't Produce The Cause" gives some well-deserved shit to college protest kids,



perched in their "semi-first class seats" while they "picket this and protest that/and eat themselves fat." Altogether, I guess you'd have to call this LP a failed experiment (albeit one with more than a heaping handful of transcendent funk gems), but unlike those countless times when that epitaph applies to someone else's product, I can honestly say that I'm glad these crazy s.o.b.'s went for it.

Cosmic Slop (1973) Here we find the gang back on the "curving and wide" (inverse of straight and narrow, ya twit) with a vengeance, excising *America*'s nascent limey Wakemanisms like a pesky, infected boil and re-rooting themselves back in the marrow-nurtured peat of Motorbooty City. With artwork and liner note duties now falling solely in Pedro Bell's mad and mighty bailiwick, *Slop* marks a turning point in the history of Funkadelia: without sweeping the acid-ravaged freneticism of the first three LPs under the stained and shaggy rug (*America* being a kinda uncategorizable aberration), the band begins to crank out denser, richer, and more consistently percussive product that seems more comfortable with (or at least more aware of) its own identity, and, as a result, maybe a bit more optimistic (or at least more coherent).

With only a couple exceptions, *Slop* casts its big red eye on two large-looming thematic corners of the universe: whoredom (with all of its multifarious metaphoric permutations) and good, old-fashioned broken-hearted tears will. As for the former, ya gotta start with the afro-metal title cut: a five-minute, first-person, under-the-haunting-influence-of-my-mother's-call confession of a matriarchal booty-selling wherein we see once again how the great god Big Buck can force even the most sanctified of creatures to join the old beastmaster for a round of the cosmic slop (a dance definitely NOT seem in *Tap*, *Salsa*, *Breakin'*, or the "Wild Thing" video). Meanwhile, the similarly heavy "Trash A Go-Go" appears to offer a Schooly-esque pimp's-eye-view of the streetwalkin' sitch, bumming hard that the law's long arm always seems to intervene when you gotta "exploit your lady for a payday" (the implication seeming to be that analogous exploitation forms the very foundation of the more "civilized" world of the black-robed intervenors).

At the same time, *Slop*'s all fulla bended-kneed and teary-eyed "love hurts" anguish. "You Can't Miss What You Can't Measure" is pure, up-tempo, post-doo-wop magnificence, with the poor protagonist crying so hard that he thinks he's got a leaky kitchen sink. "Can't Stand The Strain" is a shameless croon for one last chance, with George's beleaguered heart none-too-proud-to-beg for the smack-like companionship of that oh-so-special someone that we just can't help loving despite our stupid selves. "No Compute (Alias Spit Don't

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Make No Babies)" takes a more groin-level look at the problem of the pie (or dick, dependin' on yer pelvic predilections), a perversely-heartwarming ditty 'bout how the powers of the imagination may well leave you more satisfied (or at least less guilty) than doin' the 69 with a snorin', wig-sportin' honey who's all outta birf control pills and gots breath "like a 1948 Buick." Deep — real deep.

But things don't always have to be so low. F'rinstance, *Slop* kicks off with "Nappy Dugout," a funky, high-spirited buddy-homage (perhaps only Tesco Vee, or De La Soul, if ya can decipher 'em, can match P-Funk's ability to coin new genital slang) that sets the perc-heavy tone for the whole LP. Despite its overbearing ominousness, "March To The Witch's Castle," a brooding prayer for sympathy for homebound Viet vets, is probably the most hopeful and compassionate rock tune I've heard re: Charlie's apocalypse. But YO! — this analysis can only go so far — get down with me and understand that any way you slice it, *Slop* is primo Funkadelic: warm and gushy, crazed and mysterious, rockin' and rollin'; a funky-assed hexagonal peg that comes bouncin' square off the least expected walls into the innumerable o-round holes of God's favorite little acre. Amen.

Standing On The Verge Of Getting It On (1974) By and large, this thing be one lead-heavy *opus de funk*, a behemothic bassasaurus booty-buster that'll have you cuttin' the rug and cuttin' the cheese before you can say "Flip Wilson." After a helium-heated, cosmogonic introductory monologue (wherein Alvin Chipmunk says, "it's a gross motherfucker"), the band kicks into "Red Hot Momma," 3 1/2 minutes of brick-thick, thunder-thighed, Hazel-blazed mindcrunch about a lascivious Louisiana sword-fiend who bumps and grinds her way all across the Southeastern United States, home home on La Grange where the dicks and the drunkards do play and all that good stuff. (If you really want your ass kicked, check out the Killdozerian growl of Parliament's even heavier version, on a 1970 *Invictus 7*.) "Alice In My Fantasies" is all gone-zoid polyrhythmic blather, almost like if later-era Black Flag suddenly got religion and oiled their joints and assholes — an unheralded funkatic gem.

The centerpiece is of course the title track: a rump-thumping blast of monumental maggotmania that begins with the cackling castrato credo "Hey lady, won't ya be my dog, and I'll be your tree, and you can pee on me" and packs enough groin-throb wallop to get even a funkless toad like David Bowie to shakin' his ass and bangin' his head at the same time. Serious Mothers-damage marks "Jimmy's Got A Little Bit of Bitch In Him," a sort of "Lighter Side" of homosexuality wherein the relative stiffness of reality depends on "the angle of the dangle" and is "increased by the heat of the meat." Things close with "Good Thoughts, Bad Thoughts," the first of a series of freeform double-digit album-enders that sorta try to verbally summarize the philosophy of the funk. Over some quietly melancholic maggot-brained git wail, George takes the "free your mind"/world-as-will theory ("you gravitate towards that which you secretly love most") to its only positive conclusion: "Think right and you can fly. . . good thoughts bring forth good fruit — bad thoughts rot your meat." Indeed. Fly on children. Fly on.

Let's Take It To The Stage (1975) Wherein our favorite "colored, freak rock band" continues its perc-fueled attempt to funkitize, en-rhythm and otherwise liberate the asses of the masses—a bang-up follow-up to *Standing on the Verge* that yields enough cosmic lifebuzz positivity to have you smilin' like a mental case the whole live-long day (and believe me, it's even funner than it sounds.)

Side one of this thing's got just about anything a sane human needs to stay that way in this numb-nutted cavern of beigedom known as contemporary Western civilization. Drum-god R. Tiki Fulwood takes a whole bunch of everything into his own hands as he leads the funk mob through "Good to Your Earhole," their prefatory warning/guarantee of the knock-down drag-out boogie blare to come ("I'm not here to kill you softly, but I promise to be good to your earhole"). No rest for Tiki on "Better by the Pound," a flesh-motivated paean to the loosened public mores left in the wake of hippy-dippy, hocus-pocus mysticism (remember that in '75 genital herpes was no more than a minor inconvenience). "Be My Beach" is a charming chunk of post-doo wop hootchie-cootchieism that uses a nifty phonetic coincidence (beach/bitch) to compare the functions of sandy shorelines and elusive

significant-others. "No Head, No Backstage Pass" (co-authored by "polyester soul-powered token white devil" Ron Bykowski) is kinda like P-Funk's space-metal take on "Star Star" (a.k.a. "Starfucker" on the Stones' *Goat's Head Soup*), with its sexy (in the Spinal Tap sense) title bein' relatively self-explanatory (hey, relax, it's told as a story, not as a statement of P-Funk policy). Things close with a couple of real bull's-eye funk-bombs, viz. the title cut, a side-splitting, "laughin atcha" nose-thumb at the boogie-funk competition (e.g. "Slick and the Family Prick"), featuring more dopeified nursery rhymes for the lead paint generation (this time it's a dusted Miss Muffett w/ Spidey slidin' down beside her to ask "What's in the bag, bitch?"); and, as if that wasn't enough, there's the immortal "Get Off Your Ass and Jam," two solid minutes of high-density, way-wahed jungle-groove bombasticity that faithfully resurrects that ole-fashioned family mealtime singalong, "Shit, goddamn, get off your ass and jam."

On side two we get a palpitating buttload of weirdness and wonder. "I Owe You Something Good" is, as far as I know, the solitary specimen of the fabled gospelprogmetal genre (and in this case, one may be plenty). "Stuffs and Things" is a neat bit of high octane mook that gives a hearty nod to two of the most dependable words our mama tongue has to offer, here configured into one of my favorite pickup lines, "I'll get into your stuff when I get into my thing." And for when affairs of the heart, head, and naughty parts begin their inevitable journey awry, "This Song Is Familiar" points the way to that crucial trapdoor into the warmer recesses of song and imagination, this time capped off by the same kinda holy-rollin' ivory romp found on all those deep house 12"s that've lately been epoxied to my Close 'N Play. Following "Good Thoughts, Bad Thoughts" and its spirit of "What, me worry?" self-effacing self-indulgence comes "Atmosphere," boldly paving the path for *3 Feet High and Rising*'s gameshow gimmickry (no De La dis intended) by welcoming boys and girls to "another evening of 'I Hate That Word Called Dick,'" with Bernie's Bachzoid organ melancholia scarcely masking the endearingly vulgar showtime shit-sliding ("I hate that word called dick, so I guess I'll call it a prick.....I hate that word called pussy, it sounds so awfully squishy, so I guess I'll call it a clit!"). But renaming your obsessions won't make 'em go away, so just be glad there's LPs like this one to temporarily inject 'em with a few gobs of funk, spit, and intergalactic woo.

Tales of Kidd Funkadelic (1976) Muthafucka, the last of the legendary Westbound whippersnappers, doin' it to death, all-together fillin' our earholes, assholes, and peeholes with more bounce to the ounce, more pedal to the metal, and more bad to the bone than any stack of plastic this side of the Bermuda Triangle; BUT, tho' I hate the word "anticlimactic" (almost as much as "dick" or "pussy"), I might have to sling it in *Tales*' direction, if only for the oh-so-near-absence of that gestaltistic waveflow of elemental inspiration that seemed to sensurround its predecessors like so many cheap, funky virii. Rumor has it that *Tales* is fulla outtakes and take-outs and that would prolly account for said inscrutable void, but something tells me its got more to do with eventual-Mutineer Jerome Brailey's strangely skimpy skin-beats.

But hey, don't let the end of an era get you down, 'cause when you stop to deconstruct it, the *Kidd* (KF seems to be a veiled reference to upstart axeman Mike Hampton) has got a steamy-enough helping of "hemoslumic octave goodies" to send all spudsbrothers, nihilites, and other similarly-starched pimposaurus headin' for home with their asses tucked neatly between their legs. Right off, the funk mob gives you "Butt-To-Butt Resuscitation," a double-barreled, electrophonic boom-boom, throbistically contemplating some sorta primordial return to that great red-eye in the sky, with the gang chanting "I wanna go back, come and take me there," the Kidd pulling all sorts of dope mischief on his mellifluous six-stringer, and bad-boy Bernie "Da Vinci" unleashing a holy host of bleats and sizzles whose bastard grand-kids we would one day call Acecid. Y'also get the live favorite "Take Your Dead Ass Home," breathing lush life into its uninhibited ultimatum ("If you ain't gonna get it on, take your dead ass home"), with Bic-flickin' licentious limericks like, "There once was a man from Peru/who fell asleep in his canoe/he was dreaming of Venus/so he took out his penis/and woke up with a handful of Gue" — holy shit!

The second side opens with "I'm Never Gonna Tell It," a soulsonic, march-time vocal-group tearjerker that's stuck in a protracted denial

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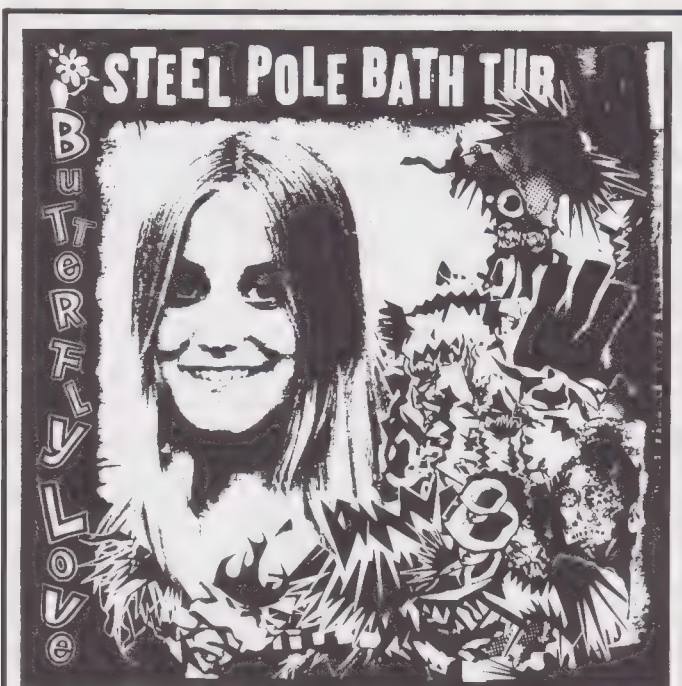
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phase of the great face-off with the heartbreak of betrayal, the protagonist too battered to spill the blue-balled beans to even the closest of associates — a total personal fave. After the title cut (12 1/2 minutes of miscellaneous organ squeals and brazen bongo fury that doesn't really go anywhere for about 12 minutes too long), you get "How Do Yeaw View You," a sweet, soulful slice of dense groovistic that subtly promotes the "think right and you can fly" philosophy" — another long-lost funk gem of the ever-expanding thang. All in all, this odds 'n ends disc has its ins 'n outs; 'fact, you could go so far as to slag it as the weakest Westbound offerin', but that's like sayin' that Rick Mahorn was the weakest Piston just 'cause he had Zeke, Dübie, Lam, Ham, Microwave, Spider, Worm, and Buddha playing in front of him, and you'd have to be a suede-headed chump to say that.

The Warner Brothers Years (1976 — 1981)

Hardcore Jollies (1976) Potable Pee-thang be plentifully in profusion, practically platterwide on this oi-forecasting elpee. On the "Osmosis" half, a bombastisophic and larvasaurian Jimi-wah "Comin' Round the Mountain" dances one chitlin' circuit of a camel-walk 'round James Brown's jailcell, at least 'til Mike Hampton stops jacking around and boards his latex Trojan pony and boots future traitor-cum-reverend Fuzzy Haskins out the way, y'all, and just lets his crunchadactyloid fetusmylistic euphocannibidextivism impregnate all over the walls and floor, at which time James would likely slip and fall and start firing angel-dusted ants from his pants at the warden, who would proceed to itch like a she-dog. "Soul Mate" is a testosterone-dic toilet of guitar-*qua*-guitar and zilch else, of the Manwhichian genus which sends gentlemen named "Yngwie" and "Satriani" waddling weepfully back to their long-lost mentors wondering who fooled who and demanding their tuition-fees back. On the "Terribitus" half, Hampton gets to slop cosmickally in Ed Hazel's soleful shoes, after which subsequent fu-age doosion becometh barely bearably backgroundable, even. None of which precludes the gatefold from casting cold lampin' aspersions upon "Grand Fraud Railroad," "Piss," "ZZ Flop," Belchman-Turnip Overdrive," "Creep Purple," and "Slack Sabbath," amongst other placebos of non-dark and non-light tints alike. — Chuck Eddy

(What Mr. Eddy is trying to say is that next to The Velvet Underground and Seka, this is the second-best burlesk-related concept album to listen to while "getting inspired" by 8 x 10 glossies of Kylie Minogue and Debbie Gibson, and also that it would have been wise for the band not to not re-record "Cosmic Slop." — Editor)

One Nation Under A Groove (1978) The glorious zenith of the Empire of Funk, *One Nation* was the populist peak that seemed to herald unlimited annexation for the United Funk of Funkadelica (though the hints of the Empire's unraveling are present here too). Probably the easiest Funkadelic album to find at used record huts, the story on this one was that Clinton wanted to include a giveaway 7" EP inside the record but Warner Brothers balked at the philanthropy, leaving Clinton to foot the king-size bill for the extra record out of his own pocket. The mini-record (not so easy to find) is pretty tasty, with "Lunchmeataphobia (Think! It Ain't Illegal Yet!)," a heavy metal muscle-flex in the "Red Hot Momma" vein, plus a live version of "Maggot Brain" with Michael Hampton tearing through a vicious note-for-note version of Eddie Hazel's masterpiece, and an abridged, instrumental version of "P.E. Squad/Doodoo Chasers" that I actually prefer to the eleven minute album version (even with it's humorously philosophical scatology and bizarre "Fried Ice Cream is a reality!" call-and-response chants). Of course, the real gem of the record is the anthemic title track, the most eminently danceable song in the ever-expanding omniverse and the most outrageously unlikely chart hit of recorded earthly time. Seven and a half minutes of sheer funk'n' frenzy, featuring a veritable army of cartoon voices chiming in with rising and swelling "do do dee oh doo"s and "feet don't fail me now"s and other James Brown ("good gawd") cops as the band takes it to the bridge and then blasts it into warp drive, "One Nation" is 100% communicably infectious woo that only a stone-footed anvil-assed clod could find fault with. Likewise, "Who Says A Funk Band Can't Play Rock?," a musical middle finger to critics and categorizers alike, is a barrier-

bustin', close-encounterin' jammy of the best kind. Although song lengths are beginning to crawl onto the tedious side, and the album as a whole is not the complete masterpiece that some folks have pegged it as, I'd still be plenty happy to pledge my groovallegiance (promising to funk, the whole funk, and nothing but the funk) and serve as a funky flunky in the U. F. of F.'s State Department any ol' time. — *Mike Rubin*

Uncle Jam Wants You (1979) A friend of mine once said that if you listen to this record while stoned, the songs never end, and listening to it while straight, I have to agree. Whether it was the pervasive and corrosive influence of disco (the band is even pictured on roller skates), the distraction of ever-multiplying law suits and countersuits, or just the inevitable Waterloo that awaited Clinton's Napoleonic conquests of funk, *Uncle Jam* is the most creatively threadbare of all the Funkadelic albums, less a "rescuing of dance music from the blahs" than just blah itself. Between thin-ness and long-ness, the songs just aren't the atomic-dog bombs one expects from the foot-soldiers of funk. "Freak of the Week" tells the story of a "disco-loving mama/at the disco's where you'll find her," but the plot doesn't thicken any deeper than the wrinkles in an all-Orlon leisure suit. Speaking of which, the album's shining moment is "(Not Just) Knee Deep," the keyboard-squawk-vs-choral—"whoa-oooo-oooo-ah-ah-oooo-oo-oo-oo" intro of which was recently sampled to great effect by De La Soul on their "Me, Myself, and I." For about three minutes, the song is one of the band's most tympanum-tickling latter-day confections, but unfortunately it runs for 13 long minutes, settling down into a repetitive recycling of verse and chorus that'll make you get up and check to see if the needle is skipping.


None of the songs on side two are up to Clinton quality-control snuff, being guilty of the kind of grooveless filler and not-very-interesting novelty theme action that usually characterizes the competition: drill sergeant shucking and jiving, leftover riffage, fake-live cocktail-soul fluff, and a disposable Disney military march, all of which manage to run too long. Even the front cover art is uninspired, with the first photo since way back to *Free Your Mind* (you can blame Warner Brothers for that). All in all, for compulsive completists (like me) only. — *Mike Rubin*

The Electric Spanking Of War Bables (1981) Originally this was supposed to be a double album at single album price (only Clinton knows whatever became of the other tapes), but once again the record company intervened and played Sir Nose D'Voidofsense, kaboshing the second disc and only pressing 90,000 copies — chickenfeed by major label standards. Regardless, this is a pretty solid affair, Clinton's response to new wave and other skinny-tied wussy-decade technononsense. Sir Lleb's interior packaging rails against corporate-generic-bureaucratic-muscle moves, warning of the dangers of the computer-controlled future and the Orwellian headlock on the horizon; through censors and other cavity creeps, the placebo syndrome has taken over the government as well as the airwaves, threatening to send all thoughtful funk and funky thought into IPC bar code limbo. Meanwhile, on the vinyl itself, the band gets into bed and funks like folks, ranging from the squeaky-clean-pop-into-rump-roastin'-vocoder-stomp of the title track ("you can walk around in my shoes/but you can't dance a step in my feet") to the cameo boo-boo-boobling of Sly "Everything I do from now on has got to be funk-ay" Stone on "Funk Gets Stronger (Killer Millimeter Longer Version)" to the (unfortunate) strains of reggae on "Shockwaves." The record climaxes with the silly scatology of "Icka Prick," where Clinton announces "let's discuss disgusting" and proceeds into a raunchy rap of "graffilthy" things and "equal opportunity nasties" that flies in the wrinkled face of radio airplay toedallinehood, making Prince's *Dirty Mind* seem like Sheena Easton's "Morning Train." Resisting the siren song of crossover cash, Clinton remembers that "all that is good is nasty," thinks splank, and just says "Funk it!," producing a fearlessly obscene album-closer which defies the uptight "Grosse Pointe-of-view" and thus doesn't stand a chance of making it into the radio rotation rut. In the tradition of vintage open-fly Funkadelic, it hard-locks the boat, gives the business to the business, and puts the "fuck" back into "funk," which, if you get down right to the very funk of it, is what these warriors of black power chords have always done best. Dig? — *Mike Rubin* ■

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The 777 Guy



Dufresne: Mendicant or madman?

"As far as the numbers are concerned, I don't know what I am or who I am. All I know is that I put them on for the right reason." So says Mark Emil Dufresne, a.k.a. Exodus Magnum Starchild, John Beetle, and Stephan Jones, a self-professed saint and ladies' man whose big blue facial tattoo has earned him the nickname "The 777 Guy." Barely a year after a grass roots Presidential campaign that culminated in his second stay at the Ypsilanti Regional Psychiatric Hospital, Dufresne is back home in his familiar role as unofficial voice of Ann Arbor's homeless and insane. Following his unpleasant brush with bureaucracy, he's given up being a shopping cart-pushing politician to become a shopping cart-pushing poet.

"I was just nuts," says Dufresne of his days as the Presidential nominee of the Smokers' Rights Party, an Ann Arbor-based militant nicotine group whose motto was "I'll Smoke Anywhere I Goddamn Please!" Power-hungry and convinced that his tattoo proved he was in fact the Beast of the Apocalypse, Dufresne campaigned tirelessly, and garnered quite a bit of "human interest" publicity in the national news media before stone-throwing rowdies disrupted a Smokers' Rights rally and chased him to the top of a local parking structure. There they beat him mercilessly and turned him over to the authority of Officer B. Cornell of the AAPD, a man who Dufresne claims is a Druid, and therefore the source of

most of Dufresne's troubles. Despite the evidence of Dufresne's brutal beating to the contrary, Cornell reported the incident as a suicide attempt, which under Michigan law is grounds for automatic committal to the nearest mental institution. "Cornell also ripped off my copy of *Meaty, Beaty, Big And Bouncy* by the Who," Dufresne adds bitterly.

"The Saints have got to be sealed with the seal of God in their foreheads or they'll be stung."

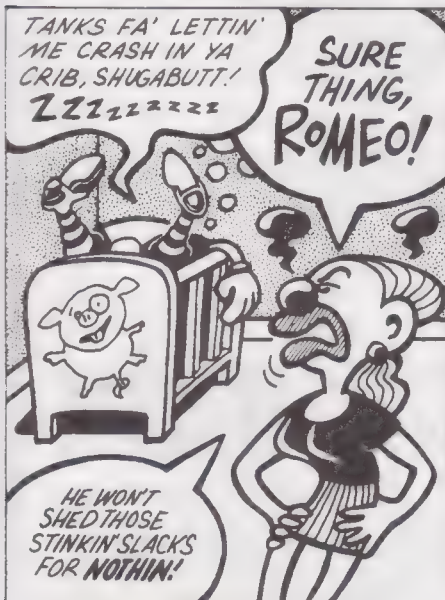
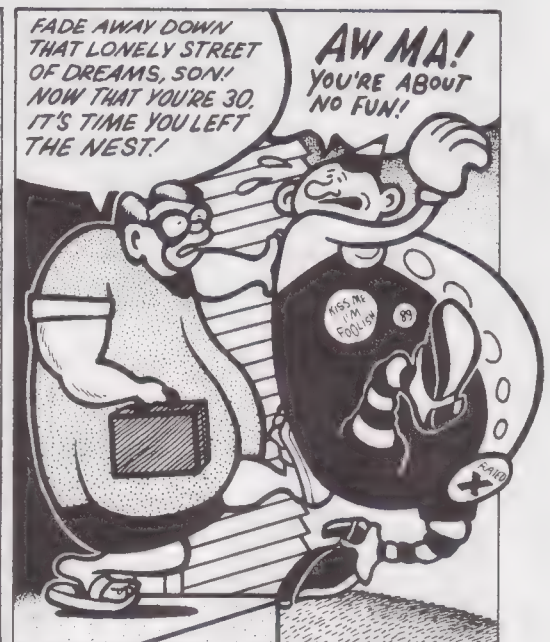
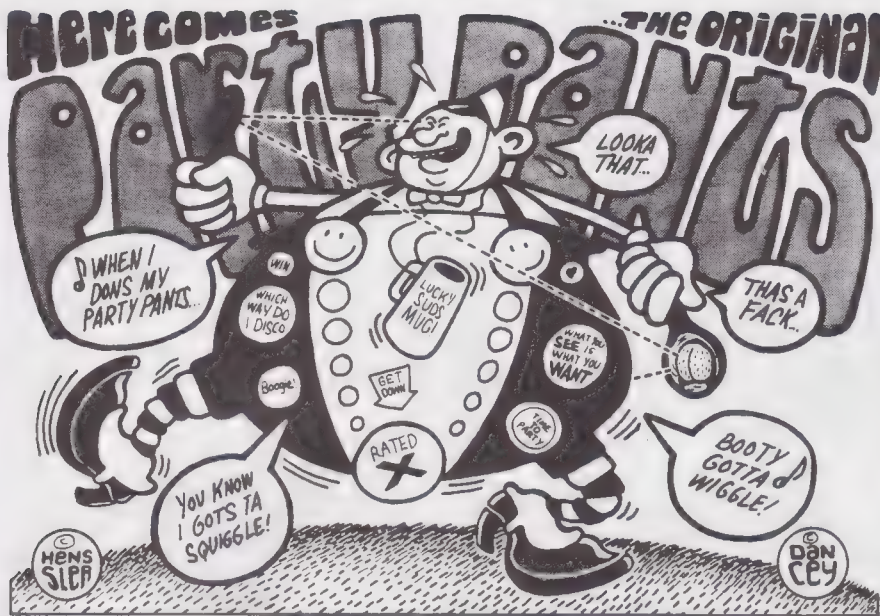
**"Are you a Saint?"
"Yes, I am a Saint."**

Dufresne's return to Ann Arbor and decision to devote himself to writing instead of politics has been greeted with indifference by the majority of Ann Arbor's residents, and Dufresne admits that they're just as likely to call the cops on him now as they were before. But in the always-hep local literary community, Dufresne is the hit of the season. His first book, *Forever Autumn*, has received generous reviews, and he was recently featured at an important reading that drew not only local recluse Thomas Pynchon, but Dufresne's mentor, Jinglemaster Rod McKuen. "I'm a big fan of his work because it reminds me of

my own," commented McKuen, who is arranging to have Dufresne's second book published by the Grove Press.

Even though Dufresne has given up his Presidential aspirations, he's kept the moral convictions that made his platform so unique. "If I were President, I'd spread peace throughout the world and make sure that every sin in the Bible would be punishable by the electric chair and crucifixion," says Dufresne. "People's morals are too loose today. What we need is an iron curtain law, not Communist, but a strict law where if people go over the edge, just a little bit, by a hair, they're gone. I'd also guarantee the right to equal opportunity employment, with Christian bias. In other words, you'd have to be Christian to get a job. Everyone else would starve, but that's the breaks."

And what about that tattoo? "I thought it was the seal of God—God's perfect number," Dufresne says of his tattoo, which he had put on in time for the Harmonic Convergence of July '87. **MOTORBOOTY** Staff Numerologist Ivan Sanchez concurs with Dufresne's explanation of the number's significance: "The number '777' appears frequently in the Bible, because '7' is traditionally considered the number of perfection and '3' is the number of the Holy Trinity. So if you needed a number to tattoo on your forehead, I suppose three sevens is about the best one you could get." ■





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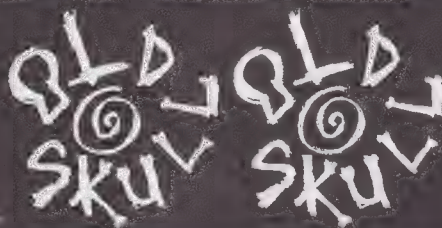
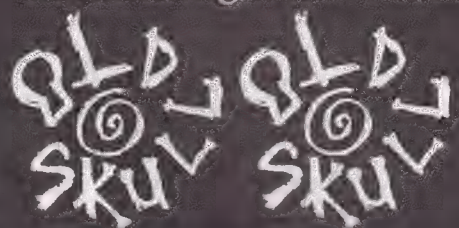
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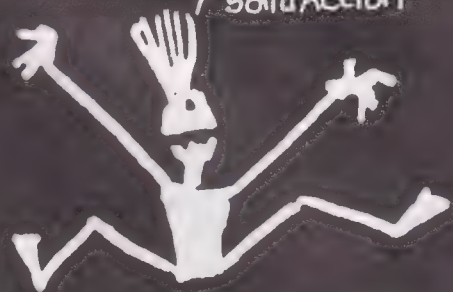
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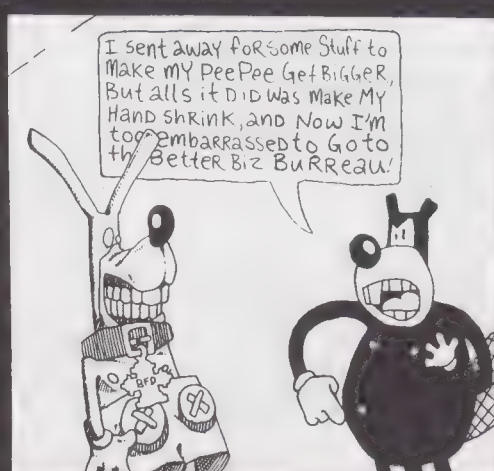
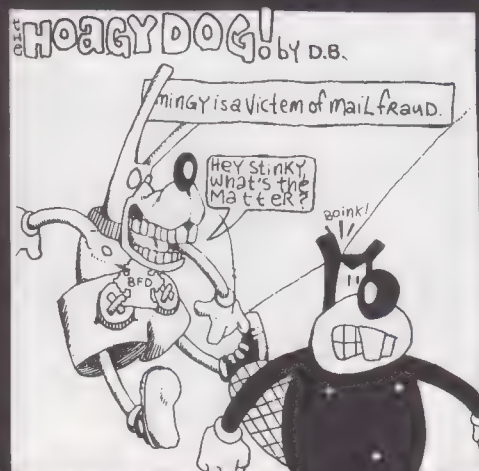
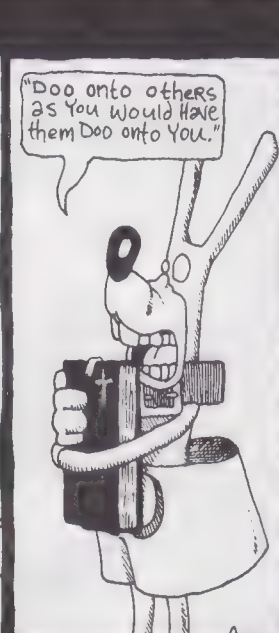
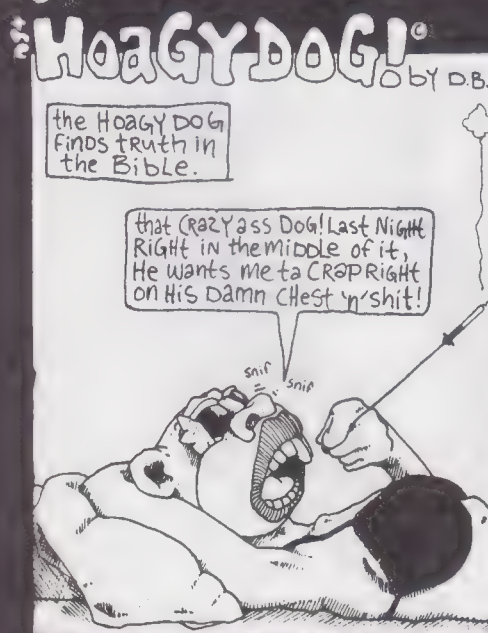
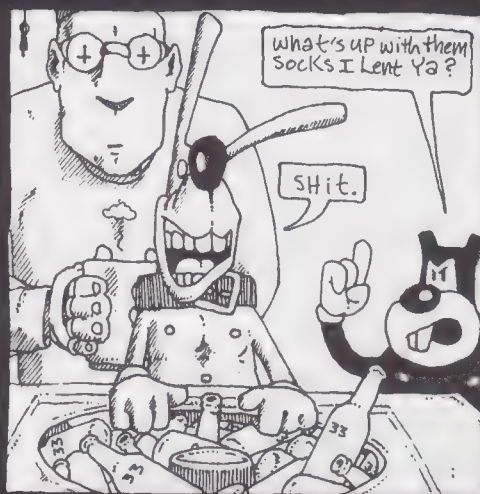
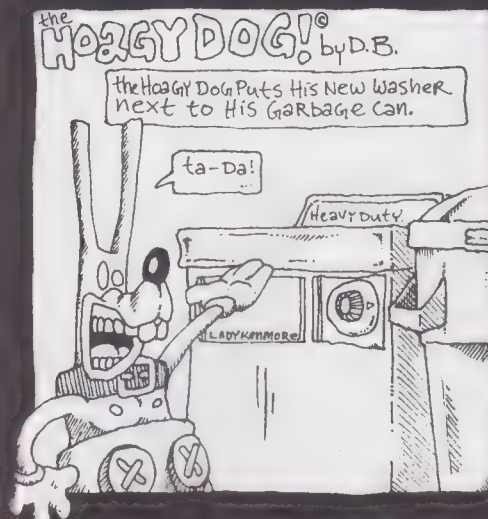
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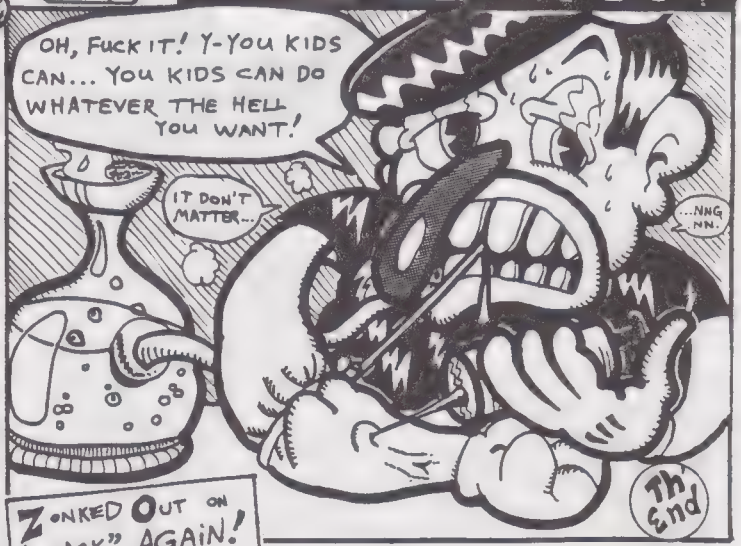
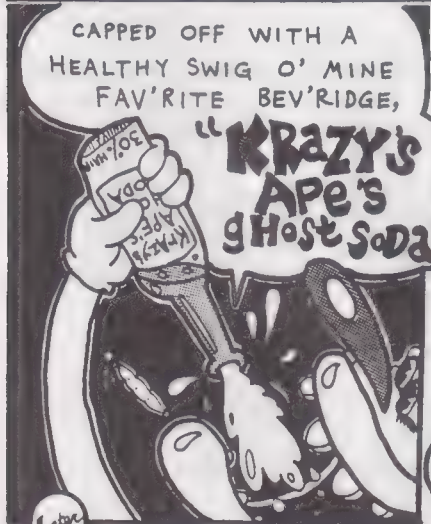
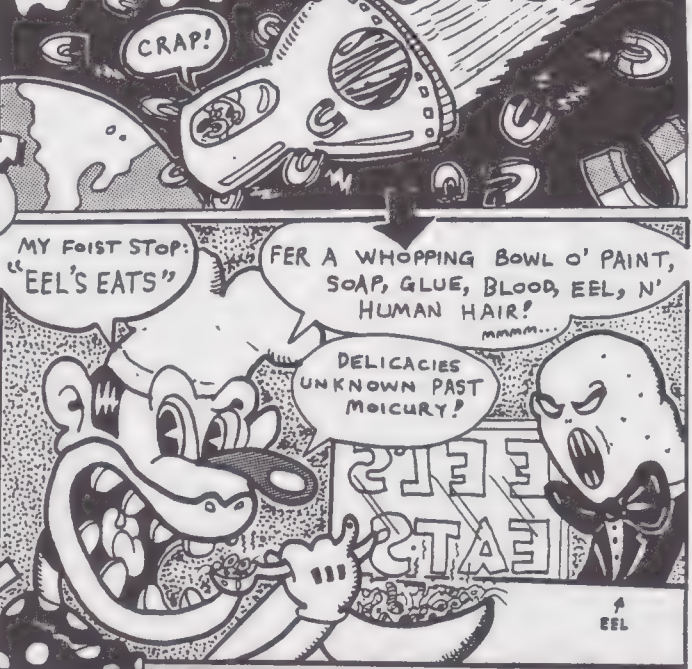
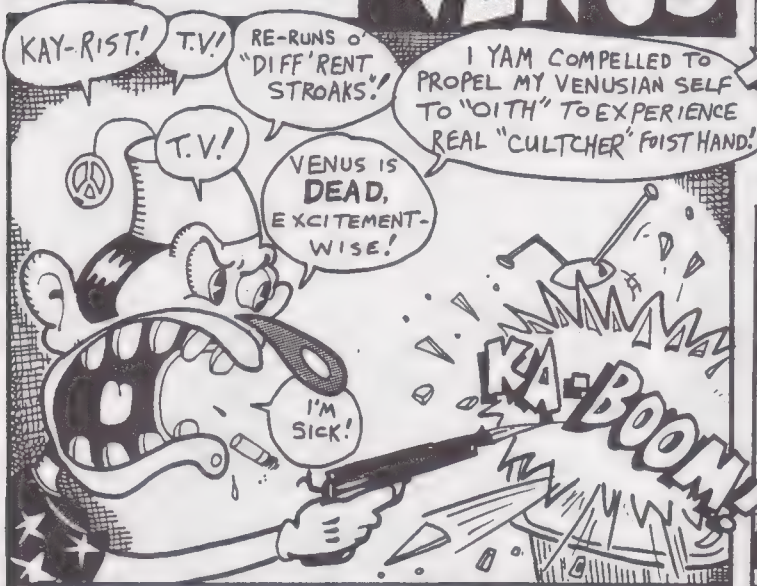


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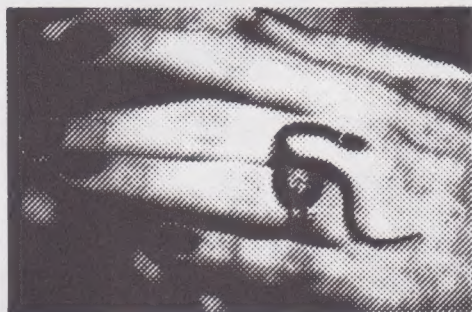
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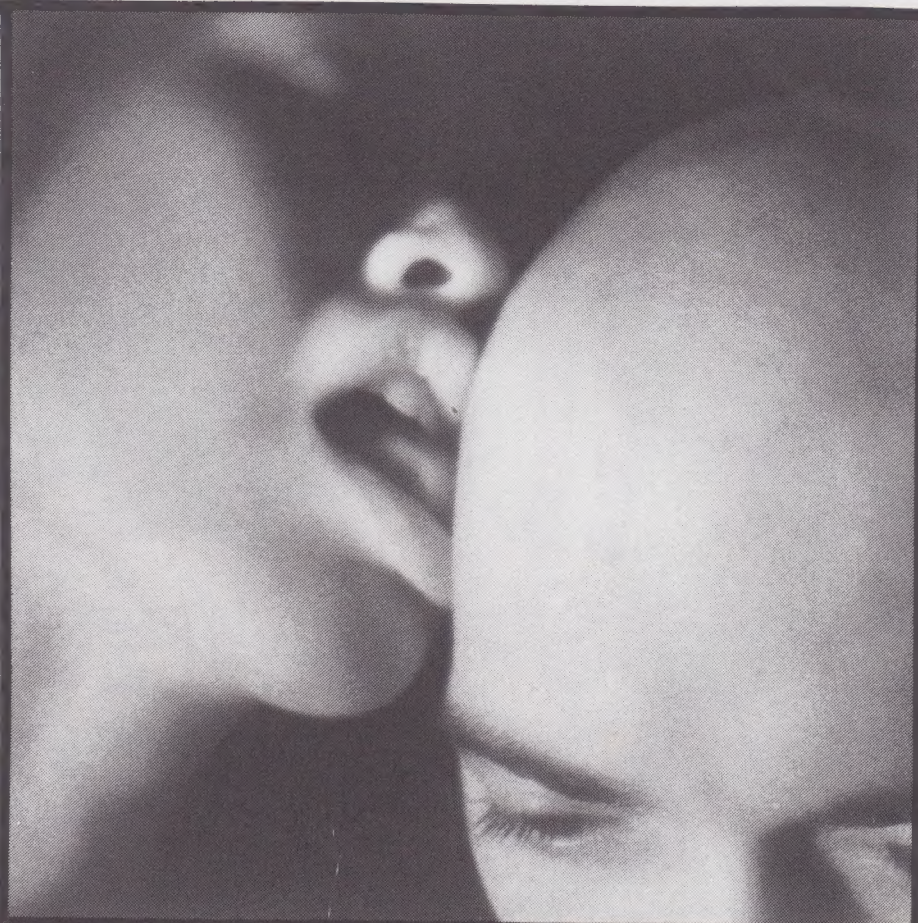
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